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# SKETCHES

IN

## GREECE AND TURKEY:

WITH

THE PRESENT CONDITION AND  
FUTURE PROSPECTS

OF

## THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

[By William Rathbone Greg]

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Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam.—MILTON.

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## P R E F A C E.

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It has been said, that “ a preface filled with apologies is an acknowledgment of sins which a man deliberately determines to commit.” I will therefore offer no apology for intruding my “ Sketches ” on the public eye ; but can only trust that my presumption in hazarding this volume may be atoned for by the motives which have induced me to put it forth.

On my return from Greece in the autumn of 1832, I was much surprised at the deficient and erroneous impressions which appeared to prevail, both in Parliament and in the country at large, respecting the condition, capacities, and character of the Greek people. In fact, there have been no sources of correct information on these points ; and, with the

single exception of the authentic and masterly articles in Numbers IX. and X. of the Foreign Quarterly Review, the writer of which unites the most accurate information to the soundest views, I have seen no work, since the termination of the Greek revolution, which betrays any thing like an adequate acquaintance with the character of the people, or the condition of the country.

In the humble hope of contributing to remedy these deficiencies, and to excite the interest of Englishmen respecting the present state and the future prospects of this unhappy country, I venture to lay before the public a few characteristic Sketches of Greece and its inhabitants, which can claim no merit beyond that of unembellished accuracy, and whose unpretending garb may, I hope, disarm criticism. In three only of these Sketches is there any thing like fiction; and even in these, it is rather the location of the incidents, and their appropriation to a particular character, that are unreal, than the incidents themselves.

To disclaim any pretensions to learning, would be an impudent affectation, as it would seem to imply that I thought the imputation *possible*. Of the antiquities and classical scenes of Greece I have scarcely said a word; for no new remarks were to be made, and it would have been tedious to repeat old ones.

I must entreat the pardon of the prosaic reader for the few instances in which I have allowed myself to be betrayed into earnest and enthusiastic expressions. But the contagion of sentiment and romance is spread too widely over this interesting country for one wholly to escape the influence. It is not alone the young, the ardent, or the learned, whose enthusiasm is excited by contemplating the scenery and antiquities of regenerated Greece; the statesman, the merchant, the diplomatist, have all had their sympathies deeply interested in treading this classic shore, by the recollection of what Greece once was, and the prospect of what she may again become.

William Rathbone

#### ERRATA.

Page 3, line 6, *for* Gulf Volo, *read* Gulf of Volo.

30, — 11,

31, — 4, 12, 16,

32, — 5 from bottom, } *for* Reschid, *read* Khourschid.

## PHYSICAL VIEW OF GREECE.

---

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art thou!  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature' varied favourite now.

*Childe Harold*

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## PHYSICAL VIEW OF GREECE.

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THE new independent kingdom of Greece, as now established by treaty with the Porte, will probably be the smallest in the world, both in territory and in population. It includes all the country lying south of a line drawn from the Gulf Volo to that of Arta (anciently the Sinus Ambracius), together with several of the islands of the Archipelago. Its utmost length, from north to south, is about two hundred miles; its greatest breadth scarcely one hundred and sixty. The population is even more scanty than this unexampled exiguity of boundary would lead us to imagine. It has been stated by various writers at all amounts between five hundred thousand and two millions.\* The

\* For an epitome of these conflicting estimates, see Foreign Quarterly Review, No. V. p. 679.

probability is, that it cannot exceed six hundred thousand at the present moment; though, as soon as the new government is firmly seated on the throne, and some tolerable prospect of stability and security held out, the immigration will be immense from all quarters, especially from Thessaly and Albania; and it may reasonably be expected that, in a very few years, regenerated Greece will double its population by this means alone.

The whole country presents, to a fanciful eye, the appearance of a troubled sea, which has been congealed by some magic touch at the moment of its wildest turbulence. The mountains follow on each other in such quick succession as to leave no room for flat land, except near the sea, and in a few valleys in the interior, which have been gradually formed into plains by the accumulated deposits which torrents have washed down from the surrounding hills. The only plains of any extent or fertility which I noticed throughout Greece, were those of Argos and Marathon, both of which border on the sea; and those of Mantinea and Megalopolis, in the centre of the ancient Arcadia. Many



of the mountains, especially in the Morea, are very high and difficult of access, and their summits are covered with snow till a late period in the spring. But they are often enriched by extensive forests of oak and fir, and afford excellent pasture for the flocks of sheep and goats, which still furnish the chief wealth and occupation of a large proportion of the modern Greeks.

Throughout Greece, with the exception of two or three plains, the soil is generally light, poor, and stony, and better fitted for the growth of vines than any more requiring crop. This may be owing, in a great measure, to the extreme scarcity of water, which is one of the chief disadvantages with which Nature has compensated the loveliness of scenery and richness of climate she has bestowed on this delightful land. With the single exception of the Acheloüs, all the most celebrated rivers of Grecian mythology, such as the Alpheus, the Eurotas, the Inachus, are mere insignificant streamlets. Arcadia, however, and, to a certain extent, Laconia also, are exceptions; and in the former province, the numberless rivulets which water every dell, form one of the chief

features which have contributed to render it the paradise of poetical imaginations.

“Were any one,” says Heeren,\* “who is entirely unacquainted with the history of the Greeks, to examine the map with attention, he could hardly remain in doubt that their country is favoured by nature beyond any other in Europe.” It lies in a southern latitude, and enjoys a rich, genial climate, the excessive heats of which are mitigated by the mountainous character of the land, and by the vicinity of all parts of it to the sea, which surrounds it on every side, and penetrates it in every direction. In Attica especially, and in many parts of Arcadia, the air is always clear, keen, and invigorating; and to this, in a great measure, we are to attribute the unrivalled preservation of the monuments of Grecian art. Further, the combination of high land with a southern latitude, enables Greece to produce almost every variety of vegetable life which is to be found in the temperate zone. The corn of the Morea has long been held in high estimation,

\* Political Condition of the States of Ancient Greece, page 1.

and in better times was exported in considerable quantities to the adjoining islands.\* The oil of Attica, and other provinces, is notoriously plentiful and excellent, needing only the care and cultivation which a settled government will enable and encourage the people to bestow, in order to equal, and probably surpass, that of Italy and the Ionian Isles. The honey, both of Athens and the Morea, has long been an esteemed article of export; figs, oranges, and lemons, are cultivated with the greatest success;† and the wines of the islands, and also of the continent, though generally ruined for European palates by the manner of their preparation,‡ naturally possess a rich and delicate flavour, and will ultimately, I doubt not, become a most important article of commerce. Greece produces already considerable quantities of wool, and some kinds of it are said to rival

\* Emerson's Picture of Greece, p. 314.

† The figs of Maina are particularly excellent.

‡ The Greeks are in the habit of mixing a quantity of resin or turpentine with their wine, as they say, to make it keep. The wines of Samos, Tenedos, Zante, and Ithaca, which escape this barbarous treatment, are remarkably rich and pleasant.



those of Spain;\* while the cultivation of silk, cotton, and tobacco, might be almost indefinitely increased. Add to this, that the multitude of excellent sea-ports with which Greece abounds, and their proximity to every part of the country, give her natural commercial advantages possessed by no other nation; and that the skill and enterprise of the Greeks have made them, under every disadvantage, unquestionably the best sailors in the Levant: and we see a reasonable prospect that, as their resources are gradually developed, they will take rank among the most active and intelligent commercial people of Europe.

The beauty of Grecian scenery is beyond parallel and beyond description. In this only have poets not exaggerated. Many of the most beautiful scenes are mentioned in the course of the work, and it would be superfluous to describe them here. But there is one which must not be passed over. It is remarked by Bartholdy, in his *Travels in Greece*, as a curious circumstance in the history of national character, that the

\* Malte-Brun, *Phys. Geog.* vol. vi. p. 161.

Athenians, gay, elegant, and often effeminate, whose luxurious tastes and tendencies rivalled those of the Sybarites, inhabited a bleak province and a barren soil ; while the stern and forbidding virtues of the Spartans were born and matured amidst scenery of unequalled luxuriance and softened beauty. It is scarcely possible to conceive a landscape of richer loveliness than the plain of Sparta presents. It is well cultivated, and covered with thick groves of olives, mulberry, and lemon-trees. When I visited it in the spring, these were in full blossom, and diffused a luscious sweetness, which invited to far different sentiments from those of Spartan self-denial. The ruins of the ancient city occupy one side of the plain, and on the other, the town and fort of Mistra rise along a steep acclivity, while Mount Taygetus towers abruptly and immediately behind. The scene cannot be rendered by any description ; but it is well worthy of a visit to the Morea for its sake alone. Individual spots there may be in other countries which surpass any thing to be met with either in Greece or the Ægean Islands. But here *every* scene is beautiful, and its beauty is of

the highest order. The traveller is constantly surrounded by the richest loveliness of unassisted nature, occasionally intermingled with the monumental traditions of an earlier day,—he lives in a perpetual rapture; and when at length he is withdrawn from the witchery of this land of enchantment, and looks back upon its charms with a fancy somewhat calmed by time and distance, he almost wonders at his own enthusiasm. But nothing in Greece is easily forgotten: all its scenes and landscapes are still as vividly present to my thought as on the morrow of the day I witnessed them; and the recollection can scarcely fade away till memory itself shall have become dim and feeble.

SKETCH  
OF THE  
PRESENT POLITICAL STATE  
OF  
GREECE.

---

Men of Grecia! heirs of glory!  
Heroes of unwritten story!  
Nurslings of one mighty mother,  
Hopes of her and one another!

Rise, like lions after slumber,  
In unvanquishable number,  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep had fallen on you.

*Masque of Anarchy.*

1875

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# POLITICAL CONDITION

OF

## GREECE.

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A CONCISE view of the present political state of Greece, and of the parties whose dissensions still divide it, is necessary in order to render the following pages fully intelligible. I will sketch it out as briefly as possible.

After the Greeks, by a series of heroic and pertinacious exertions, which no one had expected from a people debased by four centuries of slavery, had almost succeeded in working out their own independence, the year 1826 brought with it two lamentable reverses, in the fall of Missalonghi after a prolonged defence, and the landing and rapid progress of Ibrahim Pacha in the Morea. These events would, in all probability, have been fatal to their cause, had not the three allied powers stretched out a

tardy hand to their assistance, and by the Treaty of London, July 1827, and the subsequent victory of Navarino, placed them in the rank of a free country; though their independence was not finally acknowledged by the Porte till two years afterwards. A national assembly, convoked at Ægina, nominated Count John Capodistrias President of the Republic of Greece; and in January 1828, with the full concurrence of the allied powers, he proceeded to assume the reins of government.

His arrival was hailed with universal enthusiasm. The people rejoiced at the appearance of a Governor, whose reputation with his countrymen was deservedly high, and under whose rule they could hope for quiet for their families, and security for their property. Of the chiefs, some were glad to lay aside dissensions, which had been to all a source of much suffering and of no advantage; while the more turbulent were awed into temporary submission by the character of the President, and the authority by which he came supported. Peace was restored to the distracted land, and a brighter horizon seemed opening before it.

But this happy prospect gradually faded away. Capodistrias did not answer the just hopes of his country. Ardently attached to Greece, and far above all low and mercenary views, he was nevertheless singularly unfortunate in his choice of the advisers who surrounded him. Unrivalled in all the qualifications of an accomplished diplomatist, he was yet, by the general admission even of his friends and admirers who watched his career in Greece, unexpectedly deficient in the art of governing a half-civilised people, and utterly unable to meet the simplest question of finance. Aware of the policy of reducing the lawless and independent power of the chieftains, he did not discover that his strength and his character were alike inadequate to the task; and by attempting to pursue a vigorous system with a weak arm, he exasperated the chiefs without intimidating them; and to this error he ultimately fell a victim. He thus gradually estranged the affections of the most influential leaders, who retired one by one to Hydra, and there meditated the overthrow of his power. The celebrated Colocotroni, and his connexions Nikitas



and Giavella, were at length the only chieftains of note who remained faithful to his government.

Matters were in this state, when, in the autumn of 1831, John Capodistrias was assassinated while entering the church at Nauplia, by two individuals of the family of Mavromichaelis. The sensation which this event created throughout Greece was electric. The people still loved him, and were grateful for the repose he had given them; and they feared, too justly, that his death would bring them a return of all their former sufferings. The senate, more out of respect to his memory than from any regard to ability or merit, appointed his brother Augustin to succeed him; a man without talent, character, or deserts. The haughty chiefs who would not submit to his brother's rule, could not be expected to tolerate one so feeble as his: they appealed to arms; and in the spring of last year, when I visited Greece, I found them approaching the crisis of an obstinate and savage civil war. The Revolutionists,—or Constitutionals, as they termed themselves,—were headed by Prince Mavrocordato, Ipsilanti, Grivas, Colletti, and

other chiefs of note; while Colocotroni, Giavella, and one or two eminent philhellenes, as General Pisa and Prince Wrede, were the only supporters of the government. In April last, after various conflicts, the Constitutionals invested Napoli di Romania, and Augustin Capodistrias fled from Greece, bearing with him the body of his deceased brother. The victorious party immediately appointed a new government, consisting of a commission of five members, to retain their power till the arrival of Prince Otho. Mavrocordato was elected minister of finance, Tricoupi secretary for foreign affairs, and Rizo minister of public instruction.

The state of Greece at present is melancholy and wretched beyond the power of fancy to exaggerate. With the single exception of Napoli di Romania, the actual seat of government, every town and village on the mainland—I do not speak hyperbolically—is in ruins; Athens, Corinth, and Tripolitza, are almost utterly swept away. In many cities the people supply the place of their ruined habitations with temporary hovels of straw or mud refusing to build more solid dwellings till they have some security that their

labour will not be thrown away. Others live in tents of the rudest construction, while many have no better shelter than the walnut or the fig-tree. Few, if any, of the chiefs are able to support their followers; and since the death of Capodistrias, the soldiers have had no pay, because the government has had no revenue. Pillage therefore is their only resource; they wrest from the miserable peasants the little they possess; the cultivation of the ground has in consequence nearly ceased; and all are now reduced to the most meagre and scanty subsistence. A little bread—when they are fortunate enough to procure it—an onion, a few olives, and occasionally even the softer part of the thistle, form the daily nourishment of this impoverished and exhausted people. Add to this, that the country is at the mercy of a needy and ferocious soldiery, who exercise on the unresisting peasantry every species of outrage, license, and rapacity,—and the picture is painfully complete. I speak of nothing I have not seen. There is no temptation to exaggerate—and the condition of Greece admits of no exaggeration.

We are now entitled to hope that a speedy termination will be put to this terrible state of affairs. The arrival of Prince Otho is ardently desired by all parties and by every class. The Greeks look to him with enthusiasm as a sort of saviour, who is to bring healing under his wings—who will apply a panacea to all their sufferings and distractions. His task will be a laborious one, and must be executed with judgment and diligence; but he has every encouragement to exertion, and every prospect of success.







## ALBANIA AND ALI PACHA.

---

Land of Albania ! let me bend mine eyes  
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage men!

*Childe Harold.*

## WINDMILL AND CASTLE

The windmill and castle are the most important landmarks of the town. The windmill is a fine example of the architecture of the 17th century. The castle is a fine example of the architecture of the 18th century. The windmill is a fine example of the architecture of the 17th century. The castle is a fine example of the architecture of the 18th century.

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## ALBANIA AND ALI PACHA.

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EARLY in the spring of 1832, I visited, with one companion, the bleak and mountainous country on the eastern shore of the Adriatic Gulf, now known by the name of Albania. The wild and half-savage character of its inhabitants,—the dark and ferocious reputation of its late celebrated Pacha,—and perhaps still more, the description of its scenes which adorns the pages of “Childe Harold,” combine to make this peculiar country one of the most interesting and romantic in Europe. We approached it from the Ionian Isles, on an evening most congenial to its cold and desolate character. The pestilential sirocco was blowing with great violence; and we sat on deck some hours after nightfall, watching the dark tempest as it slowly gathered on the snowy peaks of Chimari, and enjoying the bright flashes, as in quick succession they shot downwards

to the shore, and the sublimity of the thunder as it rolled in the distant gloom of the mountains.

The traveller who visits Albania must be satisfied with, and thankful for, whatever accommodations it may please Providence to provide him withal; and must not grumble even if occasionally he should find none at all. The first evening on our landing, we were hospitably received by some Albanians who farmed a little isolated custom-house on the shore; they assigned us our share of a small room or loft above the stable, and shewed us every attention in their power. Being the first of their nation we had seen, their wild but eminently handsome countenances,—their long black hair flowing down their shoulders,—their large, shaggy, white capote,—their voluminous kilts, or *fustinelle*, of white linen, reaching to the knees,—their broad girdle, containing dagger, pistols, ramrod, and ink-stand, (which last must have been surprised to find itself in such company),—and the *ensemble* of their costume and appearance, afforded us much matter for interesting observation. They seemed to take equal

pleasure in examining our persons and accoutrements; and after we had mutually gratified our curiosity, we spread our mat-trasses in a corner, and lay down to sleep. Five of these savages slumbered around us, though the room was somewhat diminutive for so large a number; and a lamp was left faintly burning on the table. The wind entered our dormitory between every board of the floor, and almost every stone in the wall; the horses and mules kept up an incessant kicking and squealing below us; the moon intruded her rays through the broken tiles, which were substituted for a real roof; and when day appeared, the light broke in upon us, (to use an expression of Mr. Burke's), "not through well-contrived apertures and windows, but through gaps and chinks,—through the yawning chasms of our ruin."

The following morning we pursued our journey to Janina, the capital, through a number of mountain-passes, all of which were striking, and one of them singularly beautiful. The Albanese villages, of which we passed several, are, for the most part, picturesque and even elegant, though not



generally clean. The cottages, often extremely miserable, are not built in rows, but grouped at some distance from each other, with trees and greensward in the intervals; a plan which gives, at a distance, an interesting appearance even to the meanest hamlets. Those of the Albanese who do not live in villages, and who are more peculiarly shepherds and mountaineers, make themselves small hovels of straw, in the form of tents, and generally about four or five feet high, which it costs them nothing either to construct or to abandon, when circumstances induce them to change their habitation.

The different tribes of the Albanians vary in the minor features of their character, but the general outlines are in all nearly the same. They are violent, ferocious, and turbulent; attached to predatory habits, and cursed with an insatiable passion for gold. They seem to have little or no religion; but are kind to strangers, and remarkable for the savage virtue of hospitality. The Turks and Greeks of these parts hold them in equal dread and abhorrence; and certainly their conduct since the

days of Ali Pacha has been such as amply to justify both these sentiments. Personally, we found little reason to complain; but the character of a people must not be taken from the experience of a passing guest.

The second evening of our stay in Albania, we rested at a wretchedly filthy and desolate *khan* among the mountains, where half a dozen natives had already taken up their quarters. We arranged our rude couches as well as we could, and amused ourselves with contemplating the wild scene before us. Ten of these fellows, all in full national costume, were squatting cross-legged round an immense fire, the smoke from which (as, of course, there was no chimney) curled in large volumes round the roof, in search of a legitimate exit. As the flame rose and fell, the red light glared fitfully across their savage features; and one of them roared out, for nearly an hour together, in a disagreeable nasal tone, one of their wild mountain songs, applying from time to time to the wine-jug, which passed in rapid succession from hand to hand. I never saw a more characteristic or extraordinary

scene. It was little different from that described in *Childe Harold*, cant. ii. st. 71.

We approached Janina in the evening. The rays of the setting sun gave a somewhat warmer tint to the snows of the mighty Pindus, and glimmered faintly along the still surface of the lake. This once celebrated city stands partly on the mainland, and partly on a promontory which projects into the lake, and contains the fortress. The minarets of twelve mosques enliven the scene, and form an agreeable contrast with the dark foliage of the cypresses which grow beside them. The scene at a distance is interesting and attractive, but the illusion vanishes as you approach. Two thousand houses of the most miserable construction, and a heap of ruins, are all that now remain of the seat of a powerful and wealthy government, which for a time was a rival to the Porte itself. The fort still exists, though in a ruinous condition ; but the magnificent palaces of Ali and his two sons are a mere undistinguished mass of rubbish, and nearly three-fourths of the town are utterly swept away. The chief injury was committed at the time of Ali Pacha's assassination, in



consequence of his obstinate resistance ; but since his death, a period of eleven years, the city has been five times plundered by the Albanese, under the feeble sway of two successive pachas. The last time was in the autumn of 1830. In consequence of these repeated visitations, the city has lost all individual attraction ; and it is now only interesting as having been the scene where, for many years, an extraordinary man exercised a barbarous but salutary dominion, and at length met with a tragical termination to his dark career.

The early part of Ali Pacha's history and government ; the security of property which was afforded, and the excellent order which was established in every part of his jurisdiction ; his avarice, ambition, and cunning ; and the barbarous system which he pursued in order to augment and consolidate his power, and keep in check his wild and rebellious subjects,—are already known to the public through the narratives of Dr. Holland, Mr. Hobhouse, and M. Pouqueville. In the latter years of his life, avarice and cruelty became his predominant passions, and increased to so inordinate a

degree as to overpower his natural shrewdness and discernment, and altogether alienate the affections of his Albanese followers, who, as long as he had paid them liberally, were ardently devoted to his service, but whose fidelity was not proof against a diminution in the scale of their rewards. In the year 1820, the Porte, after being foiled in several attempts to release itself from this too powerful servant, set a price upon his head, and sent Reschid Pacha with a large army to take it. Janina was besieged and reduced to great extremities. However, Ali's immense wealth, the fruit of half a century of rapacity, still afforded him great resources; and, if he could only have resolved to distribute it with liberality, he might even then have turned away his fate. As it was, the siege was prolonged for several months, till at length the Albanians, disgusted with the increasing avarice of their master, deserted in great numbers. Ali then retired to a small fort which he had built on an island in the lake, leaving a faithful slave, with a loaded pistol and several barrels of gunpowder, in the cellars of his palace where his treasures were concealed, with orders to

blow up the building if he did not receive every day, at a certain hour, a written message from him to the contrary.

While on the island, Reschid Pacha continued to persuade the old rebel that he was his friend and wished him well, and might perhaps be able, in case of immediate submission, to procure his pardon from the Porte. They had several interviews; and in the last of these, as Ali had accompanied his visitor to the door of the apartment, and was politely bowing him away, Reschid Pacha drew a pistol, and wounded Ali in the arm. Ali instantly drew his sabre and made a cut at his assassin; but the weapon caught in the top of the door, and Reschid escaped. The unfortunate Pacha then shut the door, and retired to the divan, writhing with pain from his wound. He saw his hour was come, and turning to Captain D'Anglos, an Englishman who had been with him for some time, and was present at the scene, he requested him most earnestly to poison Vasilika his favourite wife, that she might not fall into the hands of the enemy; and at the same time gave him his large diamond, said to be worth 30,000*l.*, and



desired him to pound it to pieces in his presence. Captain D'Anglos took the diamond, and, in the simplicity of his heart, began to pound away with great zeal and vigour ; and it was not, he declared, till the gem was utterly destroyed, that he was struck with the idea, how far more sensible it would have been to have put it into his waistcoat pocket, when there was no one near to see or to prevent him, and when Ali was lying on the divan almost insensible with pain.\* He had not been long in this situation, when a shot which came through the floor below struck him in a vital part, and his assassins entering the room, cut off his head, and sent it, as is customary, to Constantinople. Ali's two sons, Muchtar and Veli, were soon after invited to Berat by Reschid Pacha, and there treacherously murdered. Vasilika his wife still survives. We saw her at Janina, as she was walking out to visit a friend.

Ali was certainly one of the most remark-

\* The unlucky captain was so overwhelmed with a sense of shame at his want of *savoir-faire*, that, as he subsequently avowed, the diamond haunted him in his dreams for months after.

able characters which have appeared in the present century. From a mere mountain-robber, without money, influence, or friends, he raised himself to be absolute ruler of a large district, and at the same time elevated his province to an important political station among the secondary powers of Europe. By his shrewd intellect, and his vigorous and severe method of government, he established security and order through extensive dominions, which, both before and since, have been one incessant scene of anarchy and misrule. But his character was stained by two of the darkest vices which disgrace humanity. His avarice and cruelty brought about his ruin. He had collected enormous treasures, but he was too miserly to spend them, even when it became necessary for his own safety. His cruelty alienated the hearts of his most faithful followers, but for a time fear supplied the place of attachment. The number of persons he put to death judicially and publicly, is said to have been unexampled in the annals of any former vizier ; and, as we were assured by those who had watched his whole career, even these were far exceeded by the victims whom he had secretly

drowned in the lake, which, by all accounts, must be actually paved with carcasses. There is a small chasm or fissure in the island of which I have already spoken, which communicates with the lake. Of this Ali made frequent use. His victims were enticed to the spot, and then precipitated into the cave, where a boat was in waiting to convey them to the deepest part of the water. This cavern was the scene of a tragical story which is still current in Janina. Muchtar's wife complained to her father-in-law of her husband's infidelity, and pointed out eleven of the most beautiful women in the city as accomplices in his guilt. They were all seized the same night, and drowned near this cavern, according to the Turkish custom in such cases. These unfortunate victims belonged to some of the first families in Janina. These individual murders, and one or two massacres on a larger scale, have stamped the name of Ali with a character of ferocity which, even in Turkey, is thought of with abhorrence.

“ I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear,  
He *neither* must know who would serve the vizier.”



## VONITZA AND GENERAL PISA.

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Ambracia's Gulf behold! where once was lost  
A world for woman, lovely harmless thing!

*Childe Harold.*

STATE APPROPRIATION BILL

## VONITZA AND GENERAL PISA.

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ON the 1st of April we left Prevesa, the frontier town of Albania; and after a short sail across the Ambracian Gulf, now the Gulf of Arta, we entered the Greek territory at VONITZA.

This town, which now consists of a few straw hovels and a dilapidated fortress, is situated in the recess of a small and beautiful bay, richly wooded, and with one or two picturesque lakes in its vicinity. The fortress, which, though in a ruinous condition, is highly important from its situation, was at this time commanded by General Pisa, a noble Neapolitan exile, who, immediately on our landing, sent down to welcome us, and to request that we would visit him in the fort. We gladly accepted the invitation; for, as we cast our eyes upon the straw huts around us, in search of a night's lodging, we

saw not one into which an English beggar would have wished to enter.

We wound slowly up the commanding elevation on which the fort is situated; and as we entered its decaying walls, a part of the garrison, which had been disciplined in the European style, presented arms, and their officer conducted us up a falling staircase of loose stones to the head-quarters of the general. These consisted of a single room, with a roof, but no ceiling—two windows, but no glass—a fire-hearth, but no chimney, for the smoke curled in slow volumes along the roof till it made its exit by the door. The only furniture which adorned the room consisted of a deal table and two wooden benches; and in one corner were a couple of boards, which, with a deer-skin and a blanket, composed the general's bed. Here he had been stationed for three years; subsisting, equally with his soldiers, on the scantiest necessities of life,—almost destitute of pecuniary means and the munitions of war,—subject to constant attacks from the Roumeliote party,—his health ruined and his spirit broken under the united influence of malaria, hardship, and anxiety,—

and repeatedly soliciting his recall, but unable to obtain from a needy and selfish government the slightest compliance with his wishes.

General Pisa received us with the warm politeness of his nation, perhaps a little heightened by the recollection of the kindness he had himself experienced when in England and an exile. Like all Italians, he expressed himself with great eloquence, and his conversation betokened a feeling heart as well as a cultivated mind. In common with many of the better classes of his countrymen, he had conceived hopes of liberating his native land from a capricious and often iron despotism, and making her a partaker in the free institutions which were gradually spreading over Europe. In 1821 he joined in the revolution which so unexpectedly broke out at Naples; and on its unfortunate termination, he received, jointly with General Pepe and others, a sentence of banishment during the will of the monarch. He retired to England, and remained there till 1824, when the prospect of being useful to Greece attracted him to share her fortunes; and he served her ably and honourably in many engagements.



In the siege of Athens, during which he was, if I remember right, second in command, he endured pains and privations, to use his own comparison, far beyond any he had experienced in the memorable retreat from Russia. He was now anxious to return to his country, and spoke of it with all the yearning fondness of an exile. As we sat together on our little tripods over the burning embers, he entered into many most interesting details respecting the character of the Greeks, the wretched condition of their country, and its uncertain hopes for the future. He spoke beautifully of his own exertions in the cause—of his melancholy situation, banished from the land he loved—engaged unwillingly in a civil war, equally disgraceful to both parties—hated by the one, and neglected by the other. We listened, as may well be imagined, with the deepest interest; and the night was far advanced ere we could part from a companion so fascinating. When at length we proposed to retire, he insisted, in spite of all our protestations and entreaties, on evacuating his own uninviting couch for our accommodation, and retired to some other quarters even more unfurnished than



his own. We spread our light mattresses on the ground, and felt more than half-ashamed at the contrast between our comforts and the general's privations.

The Roumeliote faction, then at war with the government, had made repeated attempts to seize the fortress of Vonitza, but had hitherto been foiled by the vigilance of the general and the fidelity of his troops. One gloomy night, a short time before our visit, had been fixed upon by the insurgents for another effort, which had nearly proved fatal to the garrison and their brave commander. In the event of their success, as we afterwards discovered, they had formed the elegant and classical design of seizing the general and boiling him to death in oil! About midnight, a sentinel, stationed at one of the remoter corners of the fortress where the wall is unusually low, perceived two men gliding upwards from the bushes, as if to accost him. He challenged them, and demanded who they were. "We are gold," was the answer; and as they gave it, they threw him up a bag of piastres,\* saying, "If

\* Piastre, a Turkish coin, value about three-pence.

you will let us enter, you shall have five times as much to-morrow." It was many months since the sentinel had seen even so much as a false paràh,\*—his fidelity began to waver, as he gazed wistfully on the heavy bag before him; and in a few moments more, all might have been lost. But before he could commit any overt act of delinquency, General Pisa, whose vigilance never slept, and who was constantly going his rounds, had heard the colloquy, and calling out the guard commenced a brisk fire upon the assailants, who were concealed among the bushes, and who at length retired with little loss.

A short time before sunrise the following morning, we walked out to the battery which commands the Gulf of Ambracia; and the scene which there opened before us was one of those whose mingled softness and magnificence leave an abiding image on the mind when all contemporary events have faded from its recollection. The wild and picturesque village immediately below,—the vast inland sea spread out as far as the eye could reach,—its bright blue waters, calm and un-

\* Paràh, about half a farthing.

ruffled as the conscience of the good,—its soft dim islands, its jutting headlands, its wooded shores ; and beyond it the vast chain of Mount Pindus, with its distant peaks still whitened by the winter's snow;—altogether formed a scene which pen and pencil are alike inadequate to picture. As we stood on the carriage of a large gun, gazing in silent admiration, the horizon, which had been rapidly clearing, brightened into sudden splendour,—the first rays of the sun glimmered along the still waters,—all the outlines of the bay became more clear and defined, and the dim enchantment of the landscape gradually disappeared, and gave place to beauty of a richer and gaudier description. As the morning advanced, we took a cordial leave of our kind host, congratulated him on his escape from the hot-bath which his enemies had planned for him, and mounting our horses we pursued our way through the vast unpeopled forests of Acarnania.

With two irregular soldiers as guides rather than escorts, we wound slowly through the thickly-wooded glens, unenlivened by a single house or village, till, as evening closed

in, we stopped at a place called Ito. I never beheld any thing more utterly wretched. This elegant village consisted of twelve huts of straw, and two of stone and mud, in one of which it was proposed that we should pass the night. We were neither effeminate nor squeamish; but as the hovel was already crowded with a loom, a fire, and a family of five or six children, dirty and naked "beyond a single gentleman's belief," we resolved to pitch our tent, which formed as nice a little habitation as a reasonable traveller could wish for. The night was splendid, and the scene most picturesque. A small light was shining through the canvass of our tent, and the fringe of it was flapping in the breeze; our servants and soldiers were sitting round a fire which they had kindled near us; the shepherds' fires were blazing on the opposite hills; the bells of the sheep and goats were tinkling close around us, and every now and then an inquisitive ram protruded its head into our humble habitation.

Two days after, we arrived at Missalonghi.



LEPANTO  
AND  
GENERAL GIAVELLA.





# LEPANTO

AND

## GENERAL GIAVELLA.

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HAVING traversed Acarnania, we visited Misalonghi, a half-ruined, half-deserted town, remarkable for having endured three successive sieges, and doubly remarkable for the feeble and insignificant ramparts which for ten months defied the utmost efforts of the whole Turkish army. Here the renowned and gallant Marco Botzari is buried, fortunate in having fallen in the zenith of his glory, and before he had dimmed the pure lustre of his name by drawing his sword in the civil wars which have since desolated Greece. His tomb lies near one of the remoter bastions; and though scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding earth, it is in no danger of being forgotten.

The following morning we arrived at Patrass; and our first inquiry was directed to discover the possibility and the means of

visiting Lepanto, a fortress situated on the opposite side of the Gulf of Corinth, and which had lately been taken by the Constitutionals, and was then the head-quarters of their faction.\* General Griras, Prince Mavrocordato, and others, were there, and I had letters for them which I was anxious to deliver.

I was a good deal puzzled how to proceed. It appeared highly improbable that the Capodistrian party, who held Patrass and the two forts which command the entrance to the gulf, would allow me to pay an avowed visit to the chiefs with whom they were at open war, and to whom I could divulge their plans and situation, which, as hostilities were occurring almost daily, might have a sinister effect upon their motions. At the same time, if I hired a boat and crossed the gulf by night, I exposed myself to the suspicion of both parties, and to the almost certain seizure of my bark. In this dilemma I applied to Prince Wrede, a Bavarian nobleman of high rank, then in the Greek service as Governor of Patrass; expressed my wish to

\* See page 16.

see Mavrocordato, and requested his advice as to the best means of effecting my object. With a frank and ready politeness, which I shall ever remember with gratitude, he at once relieved me from my difficulties, by offering to send both myself and my companion to Lepanto the following morning, enjoining us, at the same time, to say nothing of our intentions at Patrass.

The next morning at sunrise we mounted our horses according to his directions, and galloped away to the Château de Morée, as the fort on the south side of the gulf is termed. We arrived there without our interpreter; and as the commandant spoke no Italian, and as our proficiency in Romaic extended no further than the little we had once known and had now forgotten of ancient Greek, we were somewhat embarrassed for a fitting medium of communication between such high contracting powers; and for a few moments we looked at each other very foolishly, and preserved a most diplomatic silence. However, when we presented our credentials from Prince Wrede, the commandant's countenance brightened up, and he hoisted a signal flag on the outermost

tower. In a few minutes a Hydriote gun-boat left the opposite château, and in less than half an hour we were on board. The Hydriotes are remarkably good sailors,\* and this boat was the best manned I have seen. The men were all dressed in their island costume, which is simple and becoming. A waistcoat and jacket of olive-coloured cloth, neatly embroidered round the edge,—a broad voluminous sash or shawl fastened round the waist,—short full trousers of cotton stuff, generally blue or brown,—white stockings always clean, and European shoes, constitute their attire. The whole is surmounted by the red woollen cap, which is the unvarying head-dress of all ranks in Greece.

As we reached the Château de Roumelie, General Giavella, the generalissimo of western Greece under the Capodistrian government, walked down to the shore with all his officers and attendants to welcome us. His reception was in the highest degree polite and cordial, and a scene of more rude magnificence than his party and encampment presented, I have seldom beheld. Every one was dressed in

\* See page 8.



the full Albanian costume except the general himself, who was splendidly attired in a sort of mixed fashion between the Greek and Turkish. He was also the only unarmed man of the party, the others all wearing the silver-mounted yataghans and pistols of the country. The army was encamped in the adjoining fields, and the general's quarters consisted of a small hut of wood, constructed, like all the Grecian dwellings, for a merely temporary purpose, and as usual totally unfurnished. Hither he conducted us when the first greetings were over.

Giavella is one of the most interesting characters which have been elicited by the excitement of the revolution. A Suliote by birth, and son to the brave hero and heroine who so long defended their mountain strongholds against the celebrated Albanese tyrant,\* he inherits the indomitable spirit and uncalculating bravery of his country and his parents. He is now about forty years of age, low in stature, but remarkably well made; his black hair flows down upon his

\* For an account of this extraordinary couple, see M. Pouqueville's life and wars of Ali Pacha.



shoulders after the manner of his tribe, and his dark eye and handsome features have an habitual expression of gaiety and liveliness which is very pleasing, mingled with a something which bespeaks great occasional excitability. Brave to excess, noble, kind-hearted, and indefatigable, he has always been one of the most influential and important leaders in the Greek cause, and is a general favourite with his countrymen. Even those most opposed to him in politics, I have heard speak of him with tenderness and respect. He has distinguished himself on many occasions, especially at the battle near Navarino, where he and Constantine Botzari fought side by side, long after their followers had been driven from the field by the superior tactics of the Egyptians. But it is his noble defence of Missalonghi which has brought him the most enduring fame. We heard many of the particulars from his own lips. After sustaining a ten months' siege, and seeing all their hopes of relief destroyed one by one, the garrison, after suffering terribly from famine, came to the heroic resolution of cutting their way through the Turkish army. Favoured by a dark night, they divided into three de-

tachments, and left the ruined walls they had so long and so gallantly defended. The first division, with Giavella at its head, forced its way with little loss; the second also escaped, though it suffered dreadfully in the struggle; but the third, encumbered with the women and children, was forced back into the town, and the Turks entering it along with them, they were all cut to pieces: and when I visited the place, their whitened skulls were lying in a heap near the ramparts where they fell.

“ In vain their bones unburied lie—  
All earth becomes their monument.”

After half an hour's conversation with Giavella, chiefly on European politics, and the expected arrival of the young king, we made known our object in visiting him, and requested leave to proceed to Lepanto, promising at the same time to return before nightfall. He immediately acquiesced in our proposal, and ordered out his two war-horses to convey us on our destined expedition. The one on which I rode was a noble animal of the purest breed that Turkey could boast, and was beautifully kept. It was the very

charger, the general told me, which had carried him in his celebrated sortie from Missalonghi, of which I have just before spoken. The distance to Lepanto was about ten miles. It was a glorious spring morning, the sun was shining with a power and splendour unknown except in southern climates, a fresh breeze was blowing down the gulf, and the waves which it raised were rolling over our pathway; and as our steeds bore us gallantly along this bright and classic shore, I felt a sensation of exulting happiness approaching to rapture, which only such scenes and such a country could excite.

Lepanto is a walled town on the north side of the Gulf of Corinth, with an insignificant port, and is surmounted by a fortress highly important from its commanding situation, and which, if carefully repaired, and strongly garrisoned, would, I imagine, be almost impregnable. A few days before our visit, it had been taken by surprise from the Capodistrian party by Constantine Lambro Veicof, son of a highly esteemed chief who fell at the siege of Athens. The success of this exploit, which might otherwise have been termed a gallant one, was, I am afraid, due as

much to treachery from within as to skill from without, as was evident from the accounts we received both from Veicof and his aide-de-camp, though they would fain have persuaded us that the fort was taken solely by a vigorous *coup de main*.

Mavrocordato, I found, had left, half an hour before my arrival, with the last division of the army which was destined to march on Argos and Nauplia, and to hang Augustin Capodistrias, if he staid for such a fate. Two other chiefs of eminence, however, still remained. Rufos, a Moreote of considerable wealth and influence, and Constantine Botzari, brother of the celebrated Marco, and a worthy successor of his fame. They received us with great politeness; and their secretary, Eustathius Simof, who was attached to Rufos, and a follower of his fortune, shewed us particular attention. This gentleman was a character worth studying, and we frequently met him afterwards. His countenance was noble and expressive; his eye dark and piercing; his voice was low, and very sweet; his manners singularly mild and gentle, but cautious, subtle, and insinuating. In short, he was eminently a



Greek—a Hebrew of the Hebrews—just the sort of man you would be very sorry to have for an enemy, yet could scarcely feel secure of as a friend. We entered into a long conversation on the state of Grecian politics. He detailed to us, with a confidence which equally surprised and delighted us, their plans for the campaign; and informed us that the greater part of their army, under the command of Grivas, had already reached the Isthmus of Corinth, and expected to be received at Argos with open arms. “If Monsieur Augustin Capodistrias,” said he, “is wise enough to decamp, the change of government may be peaceably effected; but if not, there will be bloody work, and we shall certainly hang that infernal man, as he is universally called (*quest’uomo infernale, come lo chiamiamo tutti*).” The cause of the detestation which they bore towards this “infernal man,” I found to be his having, somewhat unconstitutionally, put to death George Mavromichaelis, for the murder of the late president. I ventured humbly to represent, that Augustin might surely be excused for executing the murderer of his own brother, even if the sentence were not exactly



according to the strict forms of law;\* that he scarcely deserved condign punishment for so small an offence; and that it was scarcely justifiable to bring the horrors of civil war upon their country, merely to overturn a government which must be superseded in a few months at farthest by the arrival of Prince Otho. But, as might be expected, my reasonings had little weight with these wild and passionate warriors. They repeated, that Augustin Capodistrias was an "infernal man" (this seemed to be the cognomen by which he was generally known), that he had violated the constitution, and that on no consideration would they permit him to retain, even for a week, an authority which he knew not how to wield.

We spent the rest of the day in enjoying the rich and lovely view which the fort commands over the gulf, the sea, and the snowy mountains of Achaia; and at parting I told Simof that we should probably meet again at Philippi. He smiled; and a week afterwards we shook hands in the streets of Nauplia,

\* Mavromichaelis was not a military man, and therefore ought not, it was contended, to have been tried by a court-martial.

when the Constitutionals were victorious and Capodistrias had fled.

On our return to the Château de Roumelie, we found that Giavella had resolved to accompany us to Patrass in his own gun-boat. We accordingly embarked a short time before sunset; and as in so small a bark there were no seats and but little room, we lay down side by side upon the deck: and while watching the gradual disappearance of the sun behind the island of Zante, and listening to the deep melodious voice of the wild warrior beside me, as he related some of his earlier achievements, I felt that I was truly in the regions of romance, and in a land whose modern history is scarcely less interesting than its ancient.

## CORINTH.

Etiam perière ruinæ. — LUCAN.



## CORINTH.

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IT was a melancholy afternoon in April, when, after a twenty-four hours' sail up the Gulf of Corinth, we anchored in the ancient port of Lechæum, now a mere unprotected roadstead. The whole atmosphere was dark and threatening, the rain was falling with hopeless pertinacity, and not a living creature was to be seen along the shore. In our anxiety to procure horses for conveying our baggage to the town, which is situated about three miles inland, my companion and I landed, and pursued our way to Corinth over fields and marshes whitened with the bones and skulls of the horses and men who had fallen in the revolutionary war. I never beheld a more desolate and gloomy spectacle than the town presented on our first arrival. We trod for many hundred yards over an undistinguishable heap of ruins, here and there ennobled by an ancient capital or the fragment of a granite column, intermingled



with the meaner remains of yesterday. When we entered the interior of the town, the scene was nearly similar; there was nowhere any sign of human existence; here and there a wet and solitary dog prowled about the deserted streets, and was in no way disturbed at our approach; the houses were all barricadoed, and the wooden windows closely shut; and the rain was drizzling down as darkly and despairingly as on a November Sunday in London. We thought we had arrived at some city of the dead.

At length three men, armed to the teeth, put their heads out of a window as we passed, and asked our business. We replied that we were English officers, bearing despatches for the resident at Napoli, and wished to be conducted to the governor; at the same time inquiring the meaning of the total desolation which reigned around us. They informed us that the Roumeliotes, with Grivas at their head, had the previous day crossed the isthmus, where they had been met by the troops of Capodistrias,—that after two hours' fighting, in which, as it appeared, little damage had been done, the latter had been totally defeated,—that the

Roumeliotes had pursued them into Corinth, and, between the two, the town had been completely sacked; that all the inhabitants had fled into the citadel with as many of their effects as they could carry away; and, finally, that the Roumeliotes had marched upon Argos and taken it, and would immediately proceed to invest Nauplia. We requested our informants to conduct us to the governor, who, with the rest of the Corinthians, was in the Acrocorinthos. We toiled up this vast and precipitous rock, without any leisure to admire the grandeur of its situation, or the singularity of its form. We found it, as we expected, ill-garrisoned, and worse fortified, and crowded to excess;—women and girls, old men and infants, cattle, poultry, firewood, and articles of clothing, scattered about in all directions; the whole forming a scene of most picturesque confusion. After a short delay, we were conducted to the governor, a fine, manly, dignified Greek gentleman of the first water. We made known our wants to him, and requested horses to convey our baggage from the boat, and carry us to Napoli di Romania. He stated the difficulties by

which he was surrounded, but said he would endeavour to supply us on the morrow, if we wished to continue our journey, but that the road would be very unsafe. He advised us strongly to remain in the citadel all night, and not think of returning to our bark, as, from the extremely unsettled state of the neighbourhood, we ran great risk in venturing down after sunset. But we had left our despatches on board—the Acropolis looked any thing but inviting—we were very wet and uncomfortable—and resolved to encounter the risk.

The night was coming on, and the soldiers who accompanied us to the town did their best to dissuade us from the attempt, backing their eloquence with the alarming assurance that we should certainly be murdered, as others had been before us. As we were unarmed except our swords, we offered them a considerable reward if they would escort us to our boat, but their unanimous answer was, "We would not venture for a hundred dollars." It was now quite dark, and on reaching the town we found, to our extreme relief, that two Englishmen had just arrived from Patrass by land. We im-

mediately made ourselves known to our companions in distress, who had taken possession of a pillaged and deserted house, the floor of which had been torn up for fire-wood, and the window-shutters pierced with the bullets of the preceding day. These gentlemen were bound to Nauplia like ourselves, and, after a few minutes' consultation on our mutual plans, one of them, Colonel M., kindly lent us a pair of pistols, and we set off for the shore. After about an hour's anxious ambulation, looking nervously before us, behind us, and on either side of us, to distinguish in the darkness any object of suspicion or mistrust, we reached the gulf, but our boat was no where to be seen! We were in considerable alarm and great indignation, but it was all in vain; and after shouting, firing, and making every imaginable signal for nearly an hour, we were obliged to retrace our dangerous steps to Corinth, and claim our countrymen's hospitality for the night; consoling ourselves with the idea of throttling the captain the first thing in the morning. We lay down wet and supperless, before a fainting fire, and thought of the Corinthian luxuries of earlier times.



Before sunrise the following morning, we walked to the Temple, the only remains of ancient grandeur which now adorn this decayed and miserable village. It is chaste, simple, ruinous. Seven Doric columns, with their architraves, form the scene in which Lord Byron has placed the meeting between Alp and the phantom of Francesca :

“ There is a temple in ruin stands,  
Fashioned by long-forgotten hands ;  
Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
And fragments of marble with grass o’ergrown,—  
Remnants of things that have passed away,  
Fragments of stone, reared by creatures of clay.”

In the course of the morning, our bark again appeared in the port ; and, after some difficulty and amid considerable alarm, occasioned by the constant firing which was going on around us, we succeeded in conveying our effects to the citadel, where the Governor assigned us a small room adjoining his own, and sent us a lamb roasted whole for dinner.

In this diminutive prison we were confined for two tedious days, amid continual mist and almost incessant rain. The first



moment we could stir out, we walked up to the summit of the rock, which, notwithstanding the dimness of the weather, afforded an extensive view, sufficient to give us a faint idea of the magnificent prospect it would present under more favourable circumstances. Beneath us was the isthmus, dividing the two celebrated seas, which we could trace from Parnassus on the one extremity, to Cape Sunium on the other, with the islands of Salamis and Egina in the distance; while behind us lay the mountains of the Morea, like the waves of a troubled sea, extending in interminable succession further than the eye could reach. Immediately below was a barren, marshy desert; and just at the foot of the hill we could distinguish the town, smothered beneath its own ruins, and not containing more than twenty houses with their roofs on,—a melancholy monument of the desolation which is wrought by the tender mercies of a civil war. It is often acutely painful to contrast what we read with what we see. Heeren\* writes thus:

\* Policy of Ancient Greece, chap. i. p. 22.

“ There was hardly a stronger fortress in all Greece, and perhaps no spot afforded a more splendid view than the Acrocorinthos. Beneath it might be seen the busy city and its territory, with its temples, its theatres, and its aqueducts. Its two harbours, Lechæum on the western bay, Cenchreæ on the eastern, filled with ships, and the two bays themselves, with the isthmus between them, were all in sight.” The scene *now* is sadly changed. Corinth, and its territory, and its two harbours, are still to be seen; but the bays are empty, and the ports deserted; the “ busy city ” is as silent as the tomb, and scarcely counts twenty living inhabitants; and its temples, and aqueducts, and crowded theatres, and gorgeous palaces, are utterly swept away from the face of the landscape, and *almost* from the book of our remembrance.

## ATTICA AND EPIDAUROS.

Where Athens, Rome, and Sparta stood,  
There is a moral desert now.

SHELLEY'S *Queen Mab*.



## ATTICA AND EPIDAUROS.

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“HE who does not desire to see Athens,” says the orator Lysias, “is a stupid fellow; he who sees it without admiring it, is more stupid still; but the *height* of stupidity is, to see it, to be pleased with it, and yet to quit it.” This remark is, perhaps, at least as truly applicable to Athens *now*, as in the days of her greatest glory; yet, after all, what remains for the most enthusiastic admirer of her beauties and her wonders, but to bow the head in silence? Her monuments, her scenery, her climate, have been described by each succeeding visitant, with a minuteness and accuracy of detail which preclude alike the hope to *add*, and the desire to repeat. And I am only induced to touch upon the subject by the consideration, that a man who should write “Sketches in Greece” without mentioning Attica or its capital, would infallibly be set down as an impostor, and his book would be burnt without benefit of clergy.



After passing a moonlight night on the deck of a small caique, which had brought us from Nauplia, we landed at the Piræus about an hour before sunrise, on a fresh April morning. We rode for five miles through a barren plain, interspersed with a few cornfields, and the olive groves which still adorn the sight of the ancient Academe, keeping the Acropolis constantly in view, till a sudden turn brought us full in front of the Temple of Theseus, the most perfect, if not the most beautiful, existing specimen of Grecian architecture. Not a column, and scarcely a stone, has been displaced; the roof, the friezes, and the cornices still remain; and so gently has the hand of time pressed upon this venerable edifice, that the first impression of the mind on beholding it, is doubt of its antiquity.

On entering the gate of Athens, the scene which presents itself is extraordinary and painful. The flimsy walls of the modern town include within their extensive circuit one vast heap of mean and undistinguished ruins. Scarcely a tenth of the houses remain standing. Athens was the scene of one of the most terrible and prolonged conflicts in the revolutionary war, when the

Greeks were besieged in the Acropolis by the Turks, who had possession of the town. This was utterly destroyed between the fire of the besieged and their assailants; in the Acropolis the Erectheum was greatly injured; and the entrance to the Parthenon is even now choked up with the cannon balls and broken shells which were thrown into it during the siege. So complete is the desolation which was then produced, that though, under the Turks, Athens contained about five thousand inhabitants, it cannot now muster above three hundred at the utmost.

After breakfast we set out to visit all the wonders of the ancient city, which, in spite of the spoliations of civilised and savage barbarians, still retains the unequalled productions of that age "when the exquisite eye and the cultivated taste dictated those graceful forms, and arranged those fair proportions, which became to art the models of eternal beauty." The Propylæum, the Parthenon, the Erectheum, the Tower of the Winds, the Lantern of Demosthenes, and the glorious colossal Temple of Jupiter Olympius, in turns attracted our notice, and commanded our reverential admiration. We wandered

by the banks of the Ilissus, we trod the location of the gardens, and sauntered in meditative mood amid those still shady groves,

“ Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide.”

It would be worse than trite and tedious to dwell upon the melancholy musings which such scenes must necessarily excite in every educated mind, as it recalls the days when they were all vocal, gay, and animated, and gives itself up to

“ That holy homage which is felt  
In treading where the great have dwelt ;

and yet it is chiefly of such sentiments that every sketch of Athens must mainly consist. We will fly from the dangerous associations.

After a few days spent at Athens, we made the tour of Attica,—a wretched, barren, depopulated province, rich in marble, and perhaps in silver, but poor in every other natural production. We visited Sunium, where twelve columns are still remaining of the famous temple of Minerva, built by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon. The situation, on the summit of a rock projecting

precipitously into the sea, is singularly magnificent; and the view it commands over the Ægean islands, and the Attic headlands, is perhaps unequalled. The marble of the columns is constantly wearing away, owing to the corrosive effect of the sea air, and is, in consequence, of a dazzling white, which contrasts strangely with the deep blue of a Grecian sky.

We visited the other parts of Attica; and of course did not neglect the plain of Marathon, nor the marble mountain of Pentelicus; but my readers will gladly dispense with the description.

On our return from this tour, we spent two days in viewing the harbour of Athens, and the Gulf of Salamis, and then sailed from the Piræus, just as the soft brilliance of a Grecian night was beginning to illuminate both sea and shore. Our course was directed straight across the gulf, to a village called Pidavro, on the north coast of that province of the Morea which was anciently named Argolis. We arrived at daybreak; and though every vessel coming from Athens\* is sub-

\* Athens is still in the possession of the Turks.



jected to a nominal quarantine, yet, as there was no established authority to enforce the restriction, we immediately quitted the miserable caique in which we had passed the night, and were delighted to perform our morning ablutions on terra firma.

The village of Pidavro, the successor of the ancient and celebrated Epidaurus, is situated in the recess of a small creek, which stretches about half a mile inland. It is hemmed in by hills of considerable altitude; and from the softness of the landscape, and the deep quiet and retirement of the scene, is neither dissimilar nor altogether unequal to the lovely harbour of Poros, which lies a little to the south on the same coast.

Like many other towns in Greece, associated with equally classical and sacred recollections, Epidaurus is but a mockery of its name. It consists of a few miserable fishing huts, and one or two houses somewhat more substantially built; that is, with a few stones intermingled with the mud of which they are constructed. The population may amount to twenty or thirty families, subsisting chiefly by fishing, aided by the produce of the little land which it may



be worth their while to cultivate. I was surprised to find that this was so insignificant in quantity: for I imagined that in so remote and sequestered a spot, they might have more chance of enjoying the produce of their industry than in those towns and villages which are situated nearer to the seat of Government, and therefore of war: but I had soon ample proof how completely the curse of anarchy extends to every nook and corner of the country in which it reigns; and how wretched, beyond all parallels of misery, is the land where life and property are held only by the permission or connivance of a barbarous and lawless soldiery.

Our first care on landing had been to negotiate for horses to convey ourselves and our baggage to Nauplia. We were quietly eating our breakfast, in expectation of their arrival, when a messenger came in breathless haste to announce that a party of irregular soldiers, or Albanese,\* as they are generally called, was coming down to pillage the place. We immediately re-shipped all our baggage,

\* The irregular troops always wear the Albanese costume, and are often of Albanese descent.

and, having prepared our arms, awaited the arrival of these formidable brigands. In the mean time the news had spread the utmost terror and confusion through all the inhabitants of Epidaurus. The women and children crowded around us, weeping, screaming, wringing their hands, exhibiting in every gesture the most abject despair, and imploring us, with more than Irish volubility, to take them on board our caique, which was the only vessel in the harbour. Some of them looked like demoniacs in the frenzy of their terror. To comply with their demand was of course impossible, for our boat was a very small one, and we might be obliged to have recourse to it for our own safety. We told them, however, that if they wished to put any of their valuables on board, we would take them under our protection. Accordingly, the men brought their arms, pistols, muskets, and yataghans, and in such quantities, that we could not help asking why they did not retain them, and use them for their own defence, instead of submitting to be pillaged and abused by a body of ruffians, who probably were not equal to themselves in numerical amount? "We dare not resist,"

they replied: "we might drive them away to-day, but they would return to-morrow with greater force, and our fate would be worse than ever." We said all we could to rouse them to a vigorous resistance, but our persuasions were unavailing; their spirit seemed completely broken by a long course of suffering and oppression; they had been scourged and trodden into passive abjectness.

The Albanese soon appeared. They were, as I had conjectured, a straggling party, without pay, and without leader, and subsisting entirely on pillage. The whole of Greece is overrun with similar bands. A more squalid, ferocious, ruffian-looking, set of men I never beheld. They were filthy in the extreme; their dress was torn and ragged, and their countenances denoted long-endured famine and hardships. They all carried two enormous pistols and a yataghan in their belts, and a long gun over their shoulders. They saw at once that they had no resistance to encounter, so set about their errand vigorously, seizing every thing in the way of food or ammunition they could lay their hands on. The people, subdued to the cowardice of silent indignation, stood quietly by, watch-

ing the seizure of their stores without venturing even a remonstrance. I was equally disgusted with the dastardly endurance of the one party, and the brutal oppression of the other. The brigands, after rifling every house, except the one in which we had established ourselves, began to feast upon their spoils. They were soon intoxicated, and their brutality then became unbridled. Their conduct was that of utter barbarians. They insulted all the women who had been foolish enough to remain in the village, and the men did not dare to interfere. I could bear the scene no longer, and strolled away towards one of the remoter houses, when a loud scream arrested my attention, and a young woman, with a babe in her arms, rushed out of the door, pursued by one of the Albanese. My indignation had before wanted but little to make it overflow; so, looking this way and that way, like Moses when he slew the Egyptian, I rushed after the inebriated ruffian, and brought him to the ground by a blow with the butt end of my carbine. He fell with great violence, and lay for some minutes insensible. I took his pistols and yataghan, and threw them into a



marsh close by, and then went up to the poor woman, who was terrified to death, and led her to a thicket of thorn-trees, where she was not likely to be discovered. Here we remained till nightfall, when we ventured from our hiding-places, and found that the Albanese had retired, and were probably gone to repeat the same scene at some other village.

The next morning we procured three horses for our baggage, and proceeded to Nauplia on foot, passing two other bands of brigands on our way, with one of whom we narrowly escaped a fatal quarrel. These blood-hounds swarm in every part of Greece, and till they are utterly extirpated there will be neither security nor peace. It is to be hoped that this will be one of the first measures of the new government.





## GEORGE MAVROMICHAELIS.

The grave opens to receive me—all that I ask of the world is the charity of its silence.

EMMET.



## GEORGE MAVROMICHAELIS.

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THE promontory of Maina, which terminates in Cape Matapan, is situated at the southern extremity of the Morea. The country is very mountainous, the scenery wild and beautiful, and the character of the inhabitants interesting and peculiar. They are a fine, bold, tameless race, boastful of their presumed descent from the ancient Spartans, and placing all their pride in imitating the sterner virtues of their savage ancestors. Warlike, equally from taste and habit, hardy and active beyond the rest of their countrymen, and endowed with a passionate love of liberty, or, to speak perhaps more correctly, an unconquerable hatred of restraint,—they never submitted to their Turkish invaders, but retired to their rocks and mountain fastnesses, where no warriors less hardy and experienced than themselves dared venture; and after carrying on a predatory warfare for several generations, they obtained a tacit

and reluctantly acknowledged independence. It was agreed that no Turk was to reside within their territory; they were to pay a moderate annual tribute; and to be governed by one of their own chieftains appointed by the Porte, or rather by the Capitan Pacha, or grand admiral of the Sultan.

But when their differences with the Porte were thus arranged, it was not to be expected that so brave and enterprising a people as the Mainotes should rust away in satisfied inactivity. The habits of pillage by land, and piracy by sea, had been handed down to them by their forefathers as national customs, which they would have esteemed it degeneracy to abandon. Their small sea-girt territory, and the number of excellent ports it contains, seemed to point out piratical expeditions as the way to wealth; and their skill, enterprise, and ferocious courage, ensured them an almost certain success. In a short time the neighbourhood of Cape Matapan became more dreaded by Mediterranean mariners than all the terrors of the whirlpool and the shipwreck; and there was scarcely a single nation whose



flags were not laid under contribution by these daring and desperate men.

But they had some virtues of a milder cast. In their numberless piracies they were rarely guilty of any wanton cruelty, though revengeful and ferocious when exasperated by resistance. In this they form a favourable contrast to the pirates who at present disgrace and desolate the Archipelago, who invariably treat their victims with savage brutality. They are hospitable in a manner and to a degree that partakes of the olden time. With them, "stranger is a sacred name." Not only are their doors open to receive the passing guest, but his visit is regarded as a signal honour, and they consider themselves answerable both for his safety and enjoyment. In their domestic relations they are affectionate and irreproachable; the private morality of this wild tribe might read a lesson to the most civilised nation of Europe; in their dealings with each other they are fair and honourable; their friendship is warm and abiding; but their passions are impetuous and unruly, and when once roused are amenable to neither reason nor compassion. Of this

the following anecdote may be taken as an instance.

Two Mainotes, who had long shared in common the produce of their plunderings, chanced at length to quarrel about the division of the booty of a Venetian brig. Burning with resentment, and eager for vengeance, the one, Theodore, seized on the wife of his companion, Anapleotti, and carried her on board a Maltese corsair stationed in the bay, for the purpose of selling her to make up his defective share in the plunder. The Greek asked too high a price, and the Maltese refused the purchase, having, as he said, just procured another at a much cheaper rate, whom, at Theodore's request, he produced. She was brought forward, and to the confusion of the Mainote, proved to be his *own wife*; his accomplice having anticipated his stratagem, and disposed of his spouse two hours before. He, nevertheless, concealed his rage, gave Anapleotti's wife for the proffered price of the Maltese, and returned on shore; where he met his quondam ally, apprised of his loss, and thirsting for vengeance. The worthy friends were not long, however, in coming to an understand-

ing. Without arousing suspicion, they went together on board the Maltese corsair, and without much ceremony forced him to restore the wives of both. This complied with, and satisfied with their mutual revenge, which had proved a mutual gain, the confederates again returned; and, as firmly united as ever, continued in common their former desperate calling.

When the Greek revolution broke out, Pietro Bey Mavromichaelis, the head of one of the most numerous and esteemed families of Maina, was governor of that territory. Though a man in years, he was one of the first to raise the standard of revolt; and, in conjunction with Colocotroni, one of the most active in promoting the success of the good cause. He does not appear ever to have been a man of very superior talents, but he was a bold warrior, sincerely desirous to achieve the freedom of his country, and greatly respected by all his friends and dependants.

The revolution was very fatal to Pietro Bey's numerous family. Nine of his near relatives, sons, brothers, and cousins, perished in the struggle. But they had all done good service, and their country re-

membered their exertions and deplored their loss; and on the arrival of Capodistrias, Pietro Bey was elected to fill the office of senator. Unfortunately, however, various misunderstandings between him and the president gave rise to mutual distrust and disagreement. The old Mainote chief was fully aware of his labours and sacrifices in the cause of Greece, and was by no means disposed to have them undervalued; he conceived that they entitled him to higher consideration and greater privileges than the president was willing to award. Capodistrias, on the other hand, was aware that the permanent comfort and stability of his authority must, in a great measure, depend upon the degree to which he might be able to reduce the almost feudal power of the chieftains, and to coerce their turbulent and independent spirit by a vigorous system of curbing and humiliation. Injudiciously, and, as it proved, unhappily for himself, he began his experiments on Pietro Bey, one of the haughtiest and boldest, and at the same time the most respected, of all the Greek nobles; and the result was such as might have been anticipated. He had already alienated the



affections of the Fanariotes, and many of the Roumeliote chieftains ; and should have seen the necessity of making every sacrifice to attach those who still supported him ; but he mistook the line of conduct which policy dictated, and the error proved a fatal one.

It was one of the regulations of the constitution, that no senator should absent himself from the seat of government without the permission of the president. Pietro Bey had occasion to visit his property in Maina, and demanded leave of absence for this purpose. It was refused : and the haughty old chief, little accustomed to have his motions controlled by the caprice of another, left Nauplia in high indignation, and took the road to Maina. Capodistrias had him arrested, brought back to Nauplia, and lodged in a dungeon in the lofty fortress of Palamede, which commands the town. Here the old man was confined for many months, notwithstanding the repeated entreaties and remonstrances of his friends, some of which were couched in language which should have opened the eyes of the president, acquainted as he was with the desperate character of the people with whom he had to do, to the pro-



bable fate which awaited him in the event of his refusing to listen to the voice of warning.

George Mavromichaelis was the second son of Pietro Bey, and, though not a military man, had served his country with equal devotion to her cause and credit to himself, and in 1825 was elected a deputy to the general congress. His personal appearance was singularly prepossessing; his features were peculiarly national; his long black hair curled in glossy ringlets down his shoulders—his countenance was mild and sweet, and bore an expression of gentle and dignified composure—but his broad forehead, and full dark eye, were indicative of great energy and determination. His dress was studiously elegant, and seemed as though a little too much attention might have been bestowed upon it. On the whole, George Mavromichaelis was one of the handsomest men to be met with, even in a land unrivalled in specimens of manly beauty. His mental endowments were scarcely inferior to his personal appearance. He was a youth of energetic and penetrating mind, of high talents, and far more information than his countrymen generally possess. His mind

was rather of a serious cast, but all his sentiments were noble and aspiring. His heart was uncommonly susceptible of the deeper and softer affections; and his attachment to his father, and all the members of his family, was very strong. Far freer than the generality of the Greeks from selfish motives or personal ambition, he was formed to be an ornament and an honour to his country; and if a higher and sterner morality forbids us to applaud the last service which he rendered it, we must remember that the ideas of justice of a half-civilised people are not fashioned after our standard; and, while we condemn the crime which terminated his career, we may still allow ourselves to admire the gallant youth who sacrificed himself, in the flower of his age, to deliver his father from an oppressive enemy, and his country from one whom he regarded as a tyrant.

One Sunday morning, in October 1831, the president left his house to attend public worship in the principal church of Nauplia. As he approached the door, followed by a few guards, the people respectfully made way for him to pass, when a pistol-shot was heard, and Count John Capodistrias fell into the . .

arms of his nearest attendants, and expired almost immediately. The bystanders all started back at the report, and George Mavromichaelis and his uncle stood forth the obvious perpetrators of the deed. The latter was instantly cut down by a one-armed man, who had been long attached to the president's person ; but George escaped by the assistance of some of the crowd, and took refuge in the house of the French consul, by whom, however, he was a few days after given up to the proper authorities. Augustin Capodistrias, brother of the deceased president, procured a decree of the senate that the murderer should be tried by a court martial. Mavromichaelis was brought to trial, and sentenced to be shot.

Early on the morning appointed for his execution, he was led out on the ramparts which face the north-east, by a small detachment of the regular troops, or *tactici*, as they are called. He seemed little changed either by his confinement or his situation ; his tread was as firm and manly, and his countenance as dignified and peaceful, as when he was honoured, happy, and free. He stepped a few paces from his executioners, who were

drawn out to receive him, and looked at them for a moment or two with unmoved composure. He shewed no weakness—made no confession—asked no delay—refused the bandage with which they wished to hide from him the stroke of death—then, extending his arms towards the assembled multitude, he exclaimed, “Fellow-countrymen, farewell! I die unjustly,—but I die for my country!” “Soldiers, fire!” The men fired—their unfortunate victim sunk without a struggle or a groan, and his gallant spirit passed away to its last account. Peace be with the ashes of this brave young Greek! He lived the life of a patriot, and died the death of a hero; and his memory will long be cherished alike by the friends whom he loved so tenderly, and the country which he served so well.

What must have been the sensations of the agonized father, as from his dungeon, in the overhanging rock, he listened to the volley of musketry which terminated the earthly career of his only remaining son, I will not attempt to paint. It seemed to be acknowledged even by his enemies that he had suffered enough. He was shortly after released, and a Russian brig appointed to



convey him to Maina. I obtained permission to accompany him.

As might be expected, the voyage was a melancholy one. The bereaved old man was generally sunk in what Campbell so beautifully calls "the silent soliloquies of sorrow;" and though every now and then he could be roused when the conversation turned upon some of the scenes in which he had been an actor,—

" Yet ever and anon, of grief subdued,  
There came a token like the scorpion's sting ;"

and at such times he would suddenly stop in the middle of a sentence, and relapse into his former sullen taciturnity; and it was truly heartbreaking to see the deep shade of anguish which passed across his furrowed brow, and the tears of agony which rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, as the image of his dying son was forced back upon his recollection by some trifling occurrence, or some careless word. There is something in the hopeless, helpless, concentrated sorrow of an old man, that is to me peculiarly affecting. The griefs of the young are soothed by their natural elasticity of spirit,



and alleviated by the prospect of the numberless enjoyments which life, however broken in upon, has still in store for them. But with the aged the case is otherwise; the season when hope could bribe care to cease her torments, and sorrow to forget her tears, is for them past away; if they are lonely, they are lonely for ever—they can form no new attachments to fill the vacant places of the old ones, or obliterate the withering recollections they have left behind them;—their sorrow is fixed—solitary—unmitigated—unrelenting!

We landed at Maina; and Pietro Bey asked us, in a manner which shewed that a refusal would have been painful, to go and share the hospitality of his castle for at least one night. We accordingly accompanied him to his residence. It was situated among a sea of mountains, which rose on every side like waves in a storm. The house itself, like most of the Greek habitations, was poor, old, and ruinous; there were but few trees near it: altogether it was a wild scene, and but for the rich, soft, southern climate, would have seemed bleak and desolate. Our host was received with great respect and evident

attachment by all his dependants ; and a rude banquet was soon prepared for us. A lamb, roasted whole, was placed upon the table, and hares, pigeons, and other wild fowl, were served up in considerable abundance. We were supplied with large flasks of the most generous wines, but all spoiled for a European palate by the quantity of resin which it is usual to put into them.

When the banquet was over, the venerable chieftain rose from his seat, and, after struggling for a few moments with his feelings, said to us, in a voice tremulous with emotion, " Strangers, I thank you for having brought me from a place which I must hate for ever, to my own sequestered dwelling. I shall quit it no more, but will die in the habitation of my forefathers. Greece and I are henceforth strangers—I will mingle no more in her affairs. I have sacrificed to her every thing I had ; my enemies have made me childless, and nothing now is left to me but lonely, hopeless, tearless desolation." He spoke these few words with a passionate burst of grief, then sunk down on his seat, and covered his face with his hands. We respected his sorrows, and were silent.

In a grove not far from his castle, Pietro Bey has erected a small and simple tombstone to the memory of his faithful son. Near this grave, the old man wanders the livelong day, like a ghost lingering round the scene of its departed pleasures—like one who treads in solitude a deserted banquet-hall, when the revellers who enlivened it are fled—or like a homeless, friendless wanderer, who sits in winter beneath the bare and decaying branches of his accustomed oak tree, when the leaves which once sheltered him are scattered to the wind.



# THE CASTLE OF CARITENA.

A man of war and woes.



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## THE CASTLE OF CARITENA.

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IN the spring of 1832, the whole of Greece was in a most convulsed and critical state. On the assassination of John Caopdistrias, an illustrious but mistaken man, we have already mentioned that the office and power of president had been conferred on his brother Augustin, a man destitute alike of talents to serve his country, and of character to command respect. The attachment of the party in power to the memory of his brother, combined with the influence of Russia, was the sole cause of his elevation to a dignity so unfitted to his meagre capacities. His principal supporters in this undeserved situation were the celebrated klepht or robber chieftain, Theodore Colocotroni, General Giavella, and one or two Philhellenes of distinction. He was opposed by a large party, comprising almost all the other chiefs of rank and note, at the head of which were Prince Mavrocordato, Colletti, and Grivas.

These were to the last degree indignant at the elevation of a man with no single quality to recommend him to the office, and pledged to pursue a system which they all abhorred ; and as party spirit must always be violent in a country where personal feelings are so strong, and public principle so feeble, as in Greece, a civil war ensued. For some months this unhappy land, which, after the revolutionary war, needed no further sufferings to complete its desolation, was wasted by the inveterate hostility of two factions, equally devoid of real patriotism, reckless of the miseries of their common country, and absorbed in the selfish objects of their own ambition. In April 1832, this state of things was at length terminated by the victory of the Roumeliotes at the Isthmus of Corinth, the subsequent abdication of Capodistrias, and the retirement of Colocotroni to his castle of Caritena.

I had heard much of this celebrated chieftain—of the services he had rendered to his country during the revolutionary war—of his great wealth—of the predatory habits which, in common with many others of the Greek feudal proprietors, he had long pur-

sued; and of the deadly hatred which was borne to him by the other chiefs generally, and by Grivas in particular. I was much struck with the similarity of his character and situation to that of my celebrated clansman, Rob Roy Macgregor; and I resolved to visit him, notwithstanding that Mavrocordato had warned me that the expedition might not be unattended with danger. On the first of May I set out for the Morea with two companions.

It was a beautiful spring evening when we entered the lovely and fertile valley of Megalopolis, from Tripolitza. It is watered by the clear and gentle stream anciently called the Alpheus, which, according to mythologists, communicates with the fountain of Arethusa, in Sicily; and which is also celebrated for the use which Hercules made of it in cleansing the Augean stables. The valley is closed up at the western extremity by the rock of Caritena, on the high and craggy summit of which stands the commanding castle of the renowned freebooter; while the base and acclivity are occupied by the town of the same name, the capital of the ancient province of Arcadia. The sun



set as we rode up to this den of thieves ; and at the foot of the hill we were met by three soldiers, handsome, warlike-looking men, whom Colocotroni, aware of our approach, had sent to conduct us to his castle. About halfway up the ascent we were met by the chieftain's son. The young warrior was seated, in the Turkish fashion, on the edge of a precipitous rock, with eight or ten of his followers in a semicircle round him. We dismounted from our horses to salute him, and he conducted us up a steep and rocky path to his father's castle.

The house in which Colocotroni lived was situated a little lower than the fort. It was new, small, and roughly built, but somewhat more substantial than the generality of Greek houses. It was situated on the very edge of a precipice more than fifty feet in height ; and on a projecting platform of rock beside it the old klepht was seated to receive us. He rose as we approached, and greeted us with a sort of dignified politeness, amounting almost to hauteur. I have seldom seen a more striking figure : he was a perfect Hercules in form and stature, and considerably above the middle size. He was rather shab-



bily dressed in the picturesque costume of the country, with white kilts and a grey jacket; he carried a staff in his hand, of which he made considerable use in walking; and he wore in his belt a handsome four-barrelled pistol of English manufacture. His countenance was singular and impressive,—all his features were strongly marked;—his forehead, broad and high, was furrowed with wrinkles that spoke less of age than of toil and passion,—his long grey locks, escaping from the scanty red cap which he wore on the crown of his head, flowed in ample ringlets down his shoulders; and, as I watched him narrowly as he sat on the divan beside me, I thought I could read in his dark, sunken, fiery eye, the impress of the violent, if not the bad, passions, grown habitual by long indulgence, and continued to a period of life when temperament could no longer be admitted as an excuse.

He immediately conducted us into his house, the best room of which was assigned for our accommodation. The bare wood walls were hung with arms of various descriptions, among which Colocotroni's sabre held a conspicuous situation. The old war-

rior sat down beside us on the divan, his son took a seat at a little distance, and the lower part of the room was filled with his followers—all fine, active-looking men, armed and accoutred after the manner of their country, and some of them remarkably handsome. The first question which he asked related to the state of matters at the seat of government, and as to who had succeeded to the power and influence which he had been compelled to resign; but as we were unwilling to enter into a political conversation, which, considering his situation, might hurt and irritate his feelings, we gave him an evasive reply; upon which, though his desire to learn something from us must have been very great, yet, with a delicacy which could not have been surpassed by the most polite European, he at once dropped the subject, simply saying—"If the new government will leave me in peace, I shall not interfere with their arrangements; but if they come to seek me, I will give them full satisfaction." We then went on to converse on a variety of topics, such as the state of his province, the incidents of his foreign service, and the part he had taken in achieving the liberation of his coun-

try; and on all these subjects he expressed himself with a degree of energy and precision which gave me a high idea of his talents and the force of his character. What amused us a good deal was, that he spoke of himself throughout as a klepht or robber of the first distinction, without the slightest apparent consciousness that the title could be otherwise than dignified and honourable in our eyes. We were fully aware that his whole life had been one of violence and depredation; but certainly were not prepared to hear it so openly and simply avowed. In fact, his wealth, which is said to be enormous, has been almost exclusively acquired by levying a sort of *black mail* on all the proprietors of his province, by predatory expeditions against the Turks; and, I am afraid, also by extortions of a less dignified character on his weaker countrymen and neighbours.

After an hour's conversation, during which we had full leisure to contemplate this celebrated and extraordinary freebooter, he perceived that we were fatigued, and left us to repose. But finding myself in the very heart of the classical Arcadia—in a castle which had so long been the terror of the



whole Morea, and sharing the hospitality of a robber so renowned and formidable as Colocotroni, and who had contributed perhaps more than any individual to effect the freedom of his country—my sensations were too singular to allow me to sleep. Towards midnight I arose and walked out upon the rocky terrace, which overlooked a vast depth of precipice below. The moon, which was nearly at its full, was shining with a pure and undisturbed splendour, unknown in our cloudier climes; and under its calm and holy influence this castle of crime and violence seemed like a romantic bower of innocence and peace. I could just distinguish the rude summits of the nearer hills; and the snowy peaks of Mount Taygetus glimmered faintly in the distance. The river Alpheus was roaring in its rocky bed at a great depth below, and its bright foam sparkled among the trees which overhung the torrent. A light mist, which had settled around the lower part of the hill, entirely hid the valley from my view; and it appeared as though I were seated among the clouds, with nothing but a fathomless abyss beneath me. From time to time the faint tinkling of a sheep-bell,

and the occasional bark of a shepherd's dog, came to remind me that I was in the heart of pastoral Arcadia — the subject of picture and of song. After indulging for a time in the reflections which a scene so lovely in itself, and so heightened and hallowed by the classical associations of our early days, was so peculiarly calculated to awaken, I advanced to the farther corner of the terrace, and there perceived a tall figure leaning, with folded arms, on the slight parapet which encircled the rock. I approached him—it was Colocotroni, musing over the events of a violent and mispent life, now fading away in infirmity and misfortune. He started on seeing me at his side, and unconsciously laid his hand upon his pistol; but on recognising me almost immediately, withdrew it. I apologised for disturbing him, and made some remark upon the beauty of the scene, and the pleasure he must feel in constantly inhabiting a country of such unrivalled loveliness. “Do you *really* enjoy it?” he said, in a low tone, very different from the deep powerful voice in which he usually spoke. “Have you no painful recollections which prevent you from sympathising in its dead



tranquillity?" "No," I replied; "I am aware that many incidents must have occurred during your stormy life, to afford you matter for sad and harassing reflection; but I should imagine the calmness and beauty of this scene might set them, for a time at least, at rest." "Young man!" he answered, in a low emphatic voice, which almost sunk into a whisper—and he laid his hand upon my shoulder and looked me sternly in the face—"Young man! there are remembrances which *never* tranquillise—which afford neither peace nor truce to the mind that has once known them, and to which the calmness and softness of external nature only add poignancy and bitterness by the intolerable contrast. You have reason to bless God that you have none such."

My interest and curiosity were now so fully awakened by his extraordinary and impressive manner, that I urged him in the strongest terms to give me a short sketch of his life, assuring him at the same time of my admiration for his bravery and patriotism, and my deep sympathy for his misfortunes. He yielded to my solicitation, and we sat down together in a small angular balcony

adjoining his bed-room. In giving his short history as he related it, I will endeavour to use his own wild and forcible expressions, as far as they can be rendered in a foreign idiom.

“ You probably know,” he began, “ that I was not born to the power and wealth I now possess. On the contrary, my origin was obscure, and my early youth was passed in indigence and retirement. From my childhood I was taught that, in the wild and oppressed condition of our country, the character of a klepht was the most honourable I could assume. Accordingly I soon began my depredations, chiefly on the property of the Turks, but also on that of the wealthier Greeks, especially the primates, who were generally on good terms with our oppressors, and whom I was taught to regard, and with justice, as the worst enemies of their country. I will not detail to you any of my individual enterprises ; few of them were at all remarkable. It is sufficient that I was generally successful, and though frequently pursued, was never taken. You will have heard that, in these predatory excursions, I was often guilty of unnecessary harshness and cruelty.

I now care little for the imputation ; but at this period of my life it was altogether false. Up to my twentieth year I had never shed blood ; and if, since that time, I have done deeds which have stained my name beyond the power of redemption, it was not before I had such wrongs to avenge as it would have been a cowardice and a meanness to forgive.

“ By the time I was five-and-twenty I had amassed a considerable treasure, which I kept carefully concealed in a cave not far from this castle ; and I was at the head of a small band of my young companions, which soon became the terror of the whole of Arcadia. Many attempts were made both by Greeks and Turks to seize us ; but my care and dexterity, and my companions’ knowledge of the country, always ensured us a safe retreat. Up to this time my life was one of enjoyment : but I was soon destined to bid farewell to happiness for ever.”\*

Colocotroni here made a long pause, and seemed for some time quite absorbed in pain-

\* It struck me at the time, as it will probably strike the reader, that the misfortune related in the following page is scarcely sufficient to account for the settled grief

ful recollections. I waited in patience ; and at length, after a deep sigh, he continued :

“Doubtless you are no stranger to the joys of friendship. But in your life of ease and comfort it is only a pleasant luxury. In such a wild and uncertain course as mine it becomes almost necessary to existence—quite so to happiness. It is a comfort, a safety, a support in hours which are most darkened by danger and affliction ; it is a repose from harrassing cares and wearing anxieties ; it sheds a sunshine over every scene of life. Do I paint from fancy ? Alas, no ! I have known it—loved it—lost it !”

He spoke these last words with a vehemence which betokened the bitterest remembrance ; and after a few moments he proceeded :

“I have no friends now—but it was not always so. There was one among my youthful companions who had shared every pleasure I had ever experienced, and every danger I had ever encountered. We were

and deep hatred of the Turks expressed by the old freebooter ; and on reviewing the matter in my own mind, I have little doubt that Colocotroni suppressed some most important incident in his history.



alike inseparable in our affections and our enterprises. One dark night, in the depth of winter, as the cold moon was just rising over the hills of snow, my friend left my cave to visit his father, who lived near Calavrita. I listened to his footsteps as he scrambled down the side of the steep rock, when, just as he reached the bottom, I heard a shot fired—then a horrid shriek—then a savage laugh of brutal and vindictive triumph. For a moment I was congealed with horror—then seizing my arms, I quickly descended the cliff, till I gained a sort of fissure, from which I could observe what had happened below me. There I discovered, by the red fitful glare of a pine-torch, the body of my murdered friend lying at the foot of the rock, and struggling in the last agonies of death. Three men in Turkish costume were bending intently over him, as if to gloat on the spectacle of his sufferings. I did not stop to consider either the deed or its consequences, but took a deliberate aim with my carbine at the nearest of the three. He received my ball in his neck, and fell with a deep groan. His two companions looked up in astonish-

ment and horror ; but before they could escape, I had wounded one with my pistol, and leaping down from the rock, was engaged in a mortal struggle with the other. I passed my yataghan across his throat, and then disengaging myself from his dying grasp, I despatched the wounded man ; and taking one last glance at my unhappy friend, fled in haste from the accursed spot.

“ From this time I vowed unrelenting hatred against our oppressors. I defeated them in two attempts they made to seize me ; and they soon learnt to leave me undisturbed. But Greece had become hateful to me. It presented too strongly and constantly to my mind the contrast between my past happiness and my present desolation. I went to the Ionian Isles, and there served successively under the Russians, French, and English, as they in turns gained possession of these islands. Fifteen years ago the prospect of a revolution called me home. I found Greece ripe for insurrection ; and after Ipsilanti’s unsuccessful attempt in the north, I was the first to raise the standard of revolt ; and the Arcadians knowing my daring character as a klepht, and

still more my sworn hatred to the Turks, naturally looked to me as their leader. I have pursued these barbarians wherever they could be found, and at length have driven them for ever from my country. My friend has been well avenged.

“For the rest, my career is now drawing to a close. Our king is coming, and Greece will henceforth be a peaceful land. I have been from my youth a man of war and violence, and am unable to serve my country otherwise than by the sword. The sword is now to be sheathed, and I must rust away in cheerless inactivity. Age and infirmities are closing around me, and the remainder of my life must wear wretchedly away, uncheered by a single hope for the future, or one pleasing reflection in the past. Stranger ! what scenes of natural beauty can cancel or lay to rest sentiments such as these ?”

I felt it would have been idle and impertinent to offer consolation to sorrow so deep and well grounded as that which Colocotroni expressed. I contented myself with a simple expression of my sympathy, and shortly after retired to rest.

The sun had just risen, when I walked out on the ramparts of the castle to enjoy the view which I had only imperfectly seen the evening before. A thick mist was rising from the valley, which it hid entirely from my sight; the upper part of the hills, and one small tower in the distance, appeared rising as it were from a vast sea, and apparently supported in mid air. At length this immense ocean of vapour rolled slowly and silently away,—the forests and villages came gradually into sight,—the green verdure of the fields here and there peeped through the interstices of the retiring mist,—and the picture altogether gave me, I imagine, a pretty correct idea of the scene the world must have presented when the waters of the deluge were subsiding within their bounds, and Noah looked forth from the windows of his ark over the saved and regenerated earth. The vast rich plain of Caritena lay below me in all its length, with the river Alpheus winding lazily along; villages and hamlets were scattered over the valley; and in the distance might be seen the few ruins which time has left us of Megalopolis, which, founded to be a rival



to Sparta in her day of greatness, is now her rival in oblivion and decay. Close upon the right lay the celebrated Mount Lycæus, which commands a view over the whole of the Morea; and the landscape was terminated by the snowy summits of Taygetus, which rises directly over the ancient Lacedæmon. It was not a scene to be easily forgotten. As I was admiring it, the old chieftain came and stood beside me, and pointed out the various features of the landscape, especially the places more personally interesting to himself; as the village where he was born, the heights on which he had defeated the troops of Ibrahim Pacha, and those which at an earlier period had been sent against him by the governor of Tripolitza. We spent the remainder of this day in examining the castle, which was in excellent condition for irregular defence; and the following morning he bade us a cordial adieu, and we parted from him with sincere regret.

THE TEMPLE OF PHYGALIA.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

## THE TEMPLE OF PHYGALIA.

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WE rose at the first peep of dawn on the following morning, to pursue our journey. The eastern sky was reddening as we bade adieu to the old chief; and as we rode down the rocky eminence on which the fortress is situated, the sun rose slowly above the distant mountains, and, scattering the light mist that still rested on the plain below shone forth in full splendour on the lovely scene before us. It was one of those delicious mornings that we misty people of the north can only dream of. The sky was without a cloud, and all beneath it was smiling with beauty. The air was mild and balmy, and breathed the perfume of the citron, the orange-flower, and the myrtle. As we pursued our way along the banks of the Alpheus, the birds warbled sweetly in the woods that overhung our path; the shepherd's song was heard at a distance from



the other side of the valley ; the river flashed and sparkled in the sunbeam, as it leaped from rock to rock in its impetuous course ; and all looked as fresh and beautiful as though it were the first morning of existence.

Our road lay westward through the rocky defiles of that chain of mountains which extends along the west and southern limits of Arcadia, and separates it from the maritime districts of Elis and Messenia. Sometimes we wound along the sides of the mountains over a path little better than a sheep-track ; sometimes we crossed the more elevated ridges that separated the approaching valleys, where all was wild and savage, and from the summit of which we had a distant view of the smiling plains to the west, whose apparent softness and fertility formed a strong contrast to the naked barrenness around us. But more frequently our path lay through deep and thickly wooded glens, where the road was cut out of the hill-side, and the only natural passage was occupied by the river, that forced its way over its rocky bed, now foaming and roaring as if in fury at the obstacles that

obstructed its passage, now rushing rapidly along a smother bed, and sometimes expanding into a small lake, whose calm and unruffled waters seemed to be reposing for a while, before proceeding again upon their headlong course. Wherever the mountains afforded sufficient pasturage, large flocks of sheep, almost the sole wealth of the Arcadians, were feeding along their sides; and now and then an eagle was seen wheeling his solitary flight across the valley, or perched upon some inaccessible pinnacle of rock from which he looked down as from a throne upon all below him, as if conscious that he was the monarch of these lonely regions.

Our object in this day's journey was to visit the ruins of the temple of Apollo Epicurius near Phygalia, some of the most beautiful in Greece. They are situated in the south-western corner of Arcadia, upon the mountainous ridge which divides that province from the ancient Messenia. We reached the spot early in the afternoon; and while our guides were unloading the horses, pitching our tent, and preparing our dinner, we occupied ourselves in examining

the remains of this temple, which was once so celebrated, and which is still so beautiful in its decay. It is situated on a gentle slope of greensward near the summit of the mountain on the south side of it, commanding a beautiful view of the distant country, and looking down directly into the quiet valley of Bassæ. It was built by Ictinus, the architect of the Parthenon and the temple of Minerva at Sunium, and is well worthy to be the sister-work of these celebrated monuments of Grecian art. Pausanias tells us that in his time it was more admired than any other temple in the Peloponnesus, both on account of the beauty of the marble and the harmony of its structure. The former has been somewhat discoloured by the hand of time; but the beauty of the proportions, the excellence of the workmanship, and, above all, its noble situation, still remain as perfect and beautiful as when he described them. Most of the pillars, and nearly the whole of the architrave, are still standing; and the columns that lie stretched upon the pavement of the temple are many of them so perfect and unbroken, that they seem rather to have been gently



laid down by the hand that reared them, than to have fallen or been overthrown, and to require only to be replaced to restore the temple to its pristine beauty. It is impossible too not to admire the care and exquisite taste with which the Greeks have selected the situation for many of their noblest temples. Instead of placing them in the midst of cities, where the finest of them would soon be lost among the crowd of meaner buildings, they have carefully seized upon all the advantages of nature to heighten the triumph of their art, and have erected them in some lonely retreat, where all invites to stillness and repose, or upon some commanding eminence, from which they look proudly down upon the surrounding country, and seem to claim the homage of the inhabitants for the deity to whose worship they were erected.

The temple of Phygalia is a striking example of this; and as we sat together upon a fragment of rock that lay near to it, and looked around us, we agreed that we had not found, since we entered Greece, a scene more thoroughly Grecian, or one which, if we had been suddenly transported to it from



some distant region of the globe, would have told us more convincingly to what glorious country we had been conveyed. On the green slope of the mountain before us, a flock of sheep were quietly feeding; while two or three shepherds, habited in the national costume, and furnished, instead of pipe and crook, with the musket and yataghan, were seated on the broken fragments of rock that lay in profusion around, or stretched at length upon the grass among the animals they were watching. Here and there were scattered a few aged oaks, whose thick knotted trunks and gnarled branches seemed to bespeak an age scarcely less than the temple that stood beside them. Behind us the horizon was bounded by a dark mountainous ridge, which threw a bold and rugged outline on the clear sky; while on our left the summit of Mount Lycæus rose majestically above his lesser brethren. On one side the loud roaring of a torrent rose from a deep glen immediately below us, and mingled with the gentler murmur of a thousand streams that were stealing down from every gully and hollow in the mountains. The same torrent was presently seen winding like a line of silver

along a quiet valley ; while far away to the west, over the plains of Elis, the blue expanse of the Mediterranean was stretched out in the distance, till its colours seemed to mingle with the sky. All this formed a scene which in any country would have been eminently beautiful, but here the cloudless sky and glowing sun of Greece shed over it a mantle of beauty that seemed to claim it entirely for her own.

After we had examined minutely every part of the ruins, my companion left me to mount one of the neighbouring peaks, in hopes of obtaining a yet more distant view ; while I remained sitting on the steps of the temple, gazing on the scene I have described, and musing over the character of this extraordinary people, who, while the rest of Europe was still in the darkness of barbarism, could enrich their country with these monuments of genius, which even to this day are considered the most perfect models of architectural beauty.

While thus occupied, my attention was suddenly attracted by the appearance of three figures ascending the mountain in the direction of the temple. When they were

within a short distance of it, one of them separated himself from his companions, and came directly towards the spot where I was sitting. He was dressed in the full costume of the country; and the rich jacket, white kilt, and embroidered greaves, shewed his fine martial figure to full advantage. He wore a yataghan and pistols in his belt, and the usual broad-bladed cimeter at his side. He seemed to be in the prime of life, and had the air and manner of one accustomed to command and conquer. As he came towards me, I rose to meet him; and after a silent and somewhat formal salutation, he addressed me in very good Italian, and with that easy politeness which I had often had occasion to remark as distinguishing the higher orders of his countrymen. He told me that he lived near Andrizzena; that he was just setting out on an excursion to the other side of the mountain, when hearing that some foreigners had been seen moving in the direction of the temple, he turned so far out of his way to pay his respects to them, and offer them any service in his power during their stay in this part of the country. I was not surprised by this ex-

treme attention towards unknown strangers, having already met with several similar instances since my arrival in Greece. I therefore replied, that the only motive of our journey was the pleasure of visiting this celebrated country, which had recently acquired a new interest for all lovers of freedom; that we were come into that neighbourhood principally to visit these beautiful ruins; and that as our time was limited, we were not able to linger, but were pressing on the next morning towards Leondari. He made no reply, but slightly inclined his head, as if the business he came about was concluded; yet he seemed not unwilling to enter into conversation, and, as if by mutual consent, we turned together into the temple, and sat down upon one of the fallen fragments that were scattered upon the pavement.

He inquired at what point we had entered Greece, what parts of it we had yet visited, which roads we had travelled; and in his remarks on my replies, shewed himself intimately acquainted with the topography of the whole country, and mentioned several cuts across the mountains, by which we



might have varied or shortened our route. While talking over these things, I had leisure to observe the countenance of my new acquaintance, and was much struck by the singular calmness, and even feminine mildness, of its expression, mingled, however, with a settled and somewhat stern melancholy, which seemed to say that he had known sorrow, perhaps had suffered injuries; but if so, he had either forgiven or avenged them. What followed gave it the latter interpretation.

I was remarking the quietness and beauty of the valley that lay below us, where some fields of corn were waving in the wind, and large flocks of goats feeding along the banks of the river. "It is a scene," I observed, "that seems formed for tranquillity and peace, and it is hard to think that a land so favoured by nature should not for ever have been the possession of a happy people."

"To be happy," he replied, "men must be free—yet we are free, and are not happy. It is the misery of our wretched country, that freedom and slavery are equally a curse upon it; and that though the yoke which bowed us to the earth is broken, we are still grovelling

in the dust. Signor," he continued, "yonder valley you admire, because you say that it looks as peaceful as if it had never heard a sound but the bleating of flocks, and the song of the reapers, and the murmur of the brook that waters it. You are from a peaceful land; and to you, perhaps, to be peaceful is to be happy. But I have seen that valley when it resounded with the shouts of victory, and when the waters of yonder stream ran red with Moslem blood. This to a Greek was a sweeter sight than the quiet mountains, and the flocks, and corn, and trees, and river, and all we see before us now."

"You have personally engaged, then, in the struggle against your Turkish oppressors?"

"I have," he replied. "From the hour when our countrymen first raised the standard of revolt in the Morea, to the day when the allied powers thrust themselves between us, my cimeter was seldom in its scabbard. On the mountain and on the plain—in the siege and the ambuscade—alone and among thousands, I have had my share in purging the land from this accursed race: and well might I; for no man had deeper cause to hate them."

“ You have probably had private injuries to avenge,” I replied, “ in addition to those of your country.”

There was a short pause before he replied ; and then looking earnestly in my face, while his brow darkened as he spoke :—“ Signor,” he said, “ I have borne that which none but a Greek *could* bear, and yet live ; but we have been inured to calamity, and hardened against injustice and oppression.”

“ Your fate has been indeed a hard one,” I said, “ and has been pitied by every free people, who have followed with anxious sympathy during your struggle for freedom, and rejoiced with you in your final triumph. But may I ask what battle you refer to as having taken place in yonder valley ?”

“ They were a marauding party of Moslems, five hundred or more, who had been plundering the country beyond Andrizzena, and were returning laden with spoil to Modon, which was then in the hands of the infidels. We intercepted them on their return ; and as they were inferior in numbers, and had no cavalry, they were at our mercy—and you know the mercy accorded between Greek and Turk. They fought like

men who know they must die. They were cut down like thistles; for no man offered quarter, and no man cried for it. Ten such days would have delivered Greece, and given us some vengeance for our wrongs."

"And I fear," I replied, "that notwithstanding your bravery, and all the blood that has been shed, the condition of your country is but little mended. It seems to be torn by domestic dissensions, and to be still suffering all the worst calamities of war."

"That is true, Signor," he replied. "We are passing through the purgatory that lies between slavery and freedom, and are suffering the miseries of both. Every man's hand is against his neighbour, and each endeavours to regain by violence what violence has torn from him. But this cannot last long—the country is exhausted with these endless struggles, and sighs for repose; and we trust that our king, when he comes, will bring peace with him. Were it not for this hope, it would be better for us that the crescent were still glittering over our cities and temples, and that the land were groaning once more under the rod of our oppressors."

"And among the military chiefs who



have taken the lead in shaking off this yoke, is there no one fitted, by his talents and virtues, to become the head of some temporary government, and whom zeal for the welfare of their common country would induce the rest to acknowledge for a while as their head and governor?"

"None—each man thinks himself as good as another. All, therefore, wish to command, and none are found willing to obey."

"And among the primates, who, being men of peace, would be considered less as rivals by the military chiefs, could no one be found to whom these would be willing to submit?"

"Name them not, Signor," he said, impatiently. "They have called themselves our shepherds, but have been the plunderers of the flock which they ought to have cherished and protected. Better be as we now are, plundered and plundering, distracted by the selfish ambition of our chiefs, and depending for our future hopes of tranquillity on the interference of foreign nations,—better to be thus, than be subjected to *their* rule."

"I fear this character is but too true of

many of your primates ; but surely there are some worthy of a better name ?”

“ Ay, some ; *ma pochi, pochissimi.*”

Our conversation was here interrupted by the return of my companion. My new acquaintance now said he must proceed upon his journey, and rose to leave us, giving us, at the same time, his name and residence, and saying that he hoped he should see us again if we returned to that part of the country. He then called his companions, and saluting us somewhat less formally than when we first met, he proceeded on his way, and was soon lost over the ridge of the neighbouring hill.

The sun was now sinking in the west, and we began to fear he would scarcely light us to the village where we intended to pass the night. We therefore remounted our horses, and taking a last look at the temple and the beautiful scene which it commanded, we descended the southern side of the mountain.

During our subsequent visit to Nauplia, when we had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Prince Ipsilanti, I had opportunities of inquiring into the history

of this chief, which I did not neglect. Part of it I learned from the prince himself, and the rest from a young Mainote who had known him well, and been the companion of some of his adventures. The following is the substance of what I gathered from these informants.

About the year 1820, Charilo was residing in his native village of Constantino, among the western mountains of Arcadia, which had been the home of his fathers from generation to generation. His sole wealth consisted in his flocks, which fed upon the mountain pasture, and the produce of a small estate in the north of Italy, which had been left to him by an uncle who had been a Smyrna merchant, and afterwards long resident at Venice. Owing to the remote and mountainous situation of this village, its inhabitants had been less exposed to the insults and exactions of their Turkish masters than those who lived in the towns or the more open country; and the superior happiness of their lot had given them something of a bolder and more independent character. But about this time, for some reason that I could not learn, greater strictness and severity was shewn in



the collection of the annual tribute than had been usual for a long period ; and those who had hitherto been most fortunate in escaping the common lot of their countrymen, were now subjected to the same oppressive exactions. The individuals who had the charge of collecting the Turkish imposts were generally the primates, who being thus made the common instruments of oppression, had become objects of general dislike and fear among their countrymen. It cannot be denied that they too frequently justified the estimation in which they were thus held, by their violence and rapacity ; and I heard of many instances during my stay in Greece, in which, though they had learned the lesson from their Turkish masters, they seemed to have bettered the instruction. The primate to whose jurisdiction that part of Arcadia at this time belonged, was described to me as a man proud, rapacious, and revengeful, and thoroughly detested by all the inhabitants of the province. Charilo was called upon by the emissaries of the primate to pay the tribute that had been demanded, which in his case amounted to more than half his yearly income. He was young and fiery,



and, indignant at what he considered the atrocity of the demand, refused to pay it; but, aware of the probable consequences of his disobedience, immediately left the neighbourhood where he had resided, drove his flock to the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, and for some time succeeded in eluding the pursuit of the soldiers who were sent to seize him. His house, however, was burnt to the ground, and he himself compelled to lead the life of a wanderer and an outlaw. But the primate, enraged at being thus baffled of his prey, meditated a deeper revenge, and one well worthy of a pupil in the school of Turkish despotism.

Charilo was at this time deeply attached to a young girl who resided at a village a few miles distant from his home. He had known her almost from infancy, had been the playmate of her childhood, and the companion of later years, and was now anxiously expecting the day when her mother, her only remaining parent, had consented that she should become his bride. The primate, either by accident or inquiry, heard of his approaching nuptials, and of the beauty of his betrothed bride; and he determined to take a bitter revenge

for the insult that had been offered to his authority. He intimated to a rich Turk of Tripolizza, of the name of Ben Hamet, that at the village of Sinano there was a maiden worthy of his possession, a very pearl of beauty, who might grace the harem of the Sultan, and who, living only under the protection of an aged mother, would be a prize easily won. In consequence of this intimation, the house was one night entered by a party of Turkish soldiers, who tore the maiden from the arms of her affrighted mother, and, in spite of her tears and supplications, which indeed seldom move a Musulman to mercy, placed her on one of their horses, and bore her away. Her little brother, a boy of about twelve years old, who had escaped the notice of the ruffians, immediately followed on their track, and, keeping at such a distance from them as to avoid their observation, he succeeded in tracing the party to Tripolizza, and learned too the name and residence of the Turk whose property his sister had now become.

When Charilo heard of this disaster, his first impulse was to go directly to Tripolizza, and, not considering the utter hopelessness of

such a measure, to tell his simple story to Ben Hamet, and entreat him to restore Zoë to the arms of her betrothed lover. He met with such a reception as one not blinded by grief and passion must have seen to be inevitable, and turned away from the gate of the Mussulman in an agony of despair. His first thought was of revenge; but a little reflection induced him to lay aside this for the present, in the hopes that by still lingering near the spot, and keeping out of observation, he might by some lucky accident effect the escape of Zoë, and fly with her to the mountains which had already been his refuge, and which he must now look to as his future home.

With this view he remained for some time in Tripolizza, lingering near the house which contained all he now loved, assuming various disguises to avoid notice, and living upon the hope that he might by some means be able to inform Zoë that he was watching near her, and waiting to rescue her from captivity. At length, however, his intention was discovered; he narrowly escaped assassination, and was compelled to fly from the city and hide himself again among the



mountains. He now turned his thoughts solely towards revenge, and determined to make the primate his first victim, as he more than suspected him to be the author of his wrongs. He hovered for some time about Andrizzena, where his enemy resided, and at length hearing that he was meditating a journey to Soulina, he lay in wait for him in a narrow defile among the mountains, and shot him. In consequence of the hot pursuit made by the friends of the primate and the Turkish authorities, Charilo was obliged to escape to Italy, but had not been there many months before the revolutionary war, which had been raging for some time in the northern provinces, broke out almost simultaneously through the whole of the Morea. Charilo hastened to take his part in the struggle, and joining the troops that were assembled under the command of Colocotroni, and afterwards of Pietro Bey, distinguished himself greatly in the numerous skirmishes and battles that took place, before the Turks, being completely driven from the open country, were compelled to take refuge in their cities and fortresses, and trust for safety to the inexperienced and imperfect equip-



ment of the enemy. These the Greek chiefs next proceeded to attack; and having invested and reduced two or three of minor importance, the eyes of all were soon turned towards Tripolizza, which, as the seat of the provincial government, and the scene of innumerable atrocities, had become an object of peculiar hatred to the people. The patriot leaders, therefore, directed their chief attention to the reduction of this city. Troops were withdrawn from the sieges of Navarino and Malvasia to augment the forces of the besieging army; and several of the principal commanders, Ipsilanti, Mavrocordato, and Colocotroni, repaired to the place to superintend the operations of the siege in person. The city stands in the centre of a flat, uninteresting plain, and its only defence consisted in a stone wall nine or ten feet in height, and furnished with loop-holes for musketry, but without any bastions, and the whole height of it exposed to the shot of the besiegers. Such a fortification could not long have stood against an army provided with the artillery necessary for conducting a regular siege. But of this the Greek forces were entirely destitute. A few field-pieces,

ill mounted and worse served, were all they could procure; and as these were totally unfit for the purpose, their only hope of success was to attempt to reduce the garrison by famine. With this view they established a vigorous blockade, by which the siege was protracted for more than two months, during which the inactivity on both sides was interrupted only by the occasional sallies made by the garrison to procure provisions, in which they were generally defeated by the besiegers, and driven back within their fortifications.

In the mean time, Charilo, who was among the besieging forces, was waiting with impatience the orders for a general assault, which it was expected would probably soon be given, as the garrison, now weakened by famine, and their numbers considerably thinned in the numerous skirmishes with the enemy, could not be expected to offer a successful resistance against a well-directed and general attack. He could not brook this tedious inactivity, and, full of patriotic ardour, longed to be again in the storm of battle. But it was not his bravery alone that prompted this desire, nor the wish to

free his country from the Turkish yoke. United with these motives was another more powerful than either. He knew that the man, of all men living who had injured him most deeply, was within these walls, and he thirsted to avenge his wrongs. He had long marked Ben Hamet for his prey, and he feared lest some sudden capitulation should disappoint his hopes of vengeance, or that, if the siege were still prolonged, his enemy might have sunk a prey to famine, or possibly have fallen by some other hand. In this state of anxiety and impatience, he assembled about twenty of his companions, among whom was the young Mainote, from whom I had the particulars of this and the scene that followed. He simply related to them the story of his wrongs—the savage revenge of the primate—the cruel insolence of the Mussulman—the loss of his Zoë, and with her, of all his hopes of happiness; and then, pointing to the city, he told them the ravisher was there. They all with one voice swore to assist him in the completion of his just revenge; and it was agreed upon among them, that whenever the signal for assault should be given, they were to follow his



steps over the breach, and he would guide them to the residence of his enemy.

In the mean time, famine was doing its deadly work among the inhabitants of Tripolizza. All supplies of provisions were entirely cut off, except such as were occasionally bartered by the Greek soldiers themselves for arms and money. The Turks were compelled to feed on the flesh of horses, and of the dogs that infested the city in great numbers. These resources, however, were soon exhausted, and the saddles, harness, and slippers, with the hides of the animals they had killed, became their sole sustenance. Pestilence followed in the steps of famine; numbers died daily in the streets; and such of the garrison as had any thing to hope from capitulation began to shew symptoms of mutiny. The Albanians, who formed the principal strength of the Turkish forces, concluded a treaty for themselves, and offered to leave the city on condition of being allowed to return unmolested to their own country. In this state of things there seemed to be no hope of safety in protracted resistance, and the governor of the city opened a negotiation with the leaders of the



Greek army. Charilo became alarmed at this proposal of a peaceful capitulation, and determined that whatever might be the issue of these negotiations, that his own hopes of vengeance should not be disappointed. Nor was he alone in this resolution. There were numbers in the Greek army who were drawn to Tripolizza by the hope of avenging similar injuries, and whom no agreement entered into by their chiefs could have withheld from availing themselves of this opportunity of retaliation.

While the negotiations were still pending between the Turkish governor and the Greeks, an unexpected occurrence suddenly changed the whole posture of affairs, and brought about the catastrophe that Charilo had so ardently desired.

It had been a frequent practice among the Greek soldiers, notwithstanding the repeated orders of their chiefs, to exchange small quantities of provisions, such as grapes, fruit, and bread, with the besieged, who, pressed by famine, would often give even their arms to purchase these scanty supplies. It happened one morning, that some soldiers having approached the wall with some

large baskets of grapes for the purpose of exchanging them in this manner, entered into treaty for the sale of them with some Turkish sentinels who were posted on one of the principal gates of the city. The Turks gave their muskets for the fruit, and the Greeks then persuaded them to help them on to the wall with their baskets. No sooner had they done this, than they hurled the incautious sentinels over the parapet, opened the gate to their companions, and planted the cross upon the wall. When this signal was discovered from the Greek camp, it acted like an electric shock. The call to arms resounded on every side, and the whole army rushed tumultuously to the attack. The alarm spread through the city; the Turks hastened to the fortifications, and turned their guns against the confused crowds of the assailants, who, being exposed immediately to their fire, and unable to return it, suffered for some time considerably. But the gate was in the possession of the besiegers, and here the conflict was more equal. The Greeks had thrown away their muskets, and every man fought hand to hand. Resistance was unavailing, the as-

sailants, who were fresh and vigorous, pressed forward ; and the Turks, weakened by famine, and discouraged by this untoward accident, yet disputing bravely every yard of ground, retreated slowly towards the citadel. Some took refuge in the houses, and intrenching themselves there, kept up a vigorous fire for a short time from the roof and windows, and gave a temporary check to the advance of the assailants ; but their defences were soon broken into by their pursuers, and death was their only portion. All the horrors that await a city taken by storm were let loose on Tripolizza ; and here they were aggravated by the deadly hatred existing between the conquerors and the vanquished, and the remembrance of the thousand cruelties and outrages that had been mutually suffered and inflicted.

Amidst this scene of blood and confusion, the cries of the victors and the fallen, the plundering of the spoil, the smoke of burning houses, and the roar of musketry, Charilo, with his band of companions, fought his way furiously through the press towards the house of his destined victim. It was situated in the centre of the city, and it

was long before they were able to reach it. When they at length arrived there, they found the only entrance strongly barricadoed ; and several of the enemy who had taken refuge here fired upon them as they approached. While some of them returned the fire, others endeavoured to force an entrance through the door, which, however, resisted all their efforts, till they kindled a fire under it, and at the same time threw some burning brands through a window several feet above their heads. At length the door gave way, and the assailants rushed through it to the court within. There, as they paused a moment to look round for the best point of attack by which to force an entrance into the interior of the building, a Turk appeared on the balcony above, his garments torn and bloody, and bearing evident marks of having been engaged in recent conflict. He held his cimeter by the blade in his left hand, and with his right beckoned to the Greeks below, as if desirous of a parley. Charilo instantly recognised Ben Hamet, and his first impulse was to spring up the steps that led to the balcony, and rush upon his foe. But again



the desire of once more seeing his beloved Zoë seemed to rise up in his mind, together perhaps with the fear that the Mussulman, if driven to despair, would rather murder his captive than let her fall into the hands of his enemy. He, therefore, called aloud, in a voice of thunder, "Dog of an infidel, restore the maid of Sinano to him who should possess her, here on this spot, in this moment, or thy hour is come!" As he spoke, a dense cloud of smoke issued from one of the windows that looked into the court, and was immediately followed by a bright column of flame, that rose high into the air, and told the Mussulman that his house was now a prey to the devouring element. He looked upon it for a moment, and then as if his resolution were formed, he waved his hand, but without making any reply, and retreated into the house. They waited with anxiety for a few minutes, not knowing whether he would return, but allowing him time to do so if such were his intention. At length the door, on which all eyes were fixed, again opened, and the Turk appeared, leading by the hand a woman dressed in the Greek costume, but closely veiled after

the manner of the Turkish ladies. Ben Hamet led her to the top of the flight of steps that descended to the court below, and then pausing, relinquished her hand, and tore away her veil. Her face and figure seemed to be those of a girl, or one but just on the eve of womanhood, and from the short glance that was allowed, my informant described it as being eminently beautiful. She had by this time recognised her lover, and extended her arms towards him. Charilo uttered a cry of joy, clasped his hands, gazed upon her for a moment as if to assure himself that she was indeed his Zoë, and then sprung forward to meet her. At this moment the Turk stepped back, and drew his cimeter. For one instant it flashed above his head, and in the next severed the neck of the unfortunate Zoë. She fell forward down the steps, with her arms still extended towards her lover, as if rushing to his embrace. A cry of horror burst from the Greeks below. The cimeter dropped from the hand of Charilo, and he stood fixed to the spot, as motionless as if the blow that murdered his

Zoë had changed him to a statue of marble. The Turk, profiting by this moment of paralyzing agony, retreated to the door from which he had issued, and disappeared. To that cry of horror, and that pause of awful silence, now succeeded a yell of vengeance. The Greeks rushed to the balcony, and assailing the door with the butt ends of their heavy muskets, it soon burst down before them. They rushed into the house, and forced their way through halls, and corridors, and painted chambers, without meeting with any opposition but the barricaded doors, and the flames that had now extended to every part of the building. No living person was to be seen; and it appeared as if the garrison had abandoned the house to the assailants. They made their way, however, directly towards the apartments of the harem, which they knew would be the last retreat of the Mussulmen. At length, at the end of a long corridor, having forced open a door somewhat more strongly defended than the rest, they found themselves in a lofty chamber, at the farther end of which, dimly discernible through the

smoke that filled the room, was seen the figure of a Turk, his right arm bare, and brandishing in it a bloody cimeter. It was Ben Hamet. The Greeks uttered a cry of vengeance, but Charilo called out in a voice almost stifled with rage, "Stand back, comrades, he is mine!" and he rushed upon his foe. The conflict was short and desperate. Both were so intent to slay, that they thought little of defence; and, regardless of the crackling floor, and the flames that now burst into the room, it was evident that being once met, death only could separate them. There was the fury of hate against the fury of despair, and it was a mortal struggle. At length Charilo, having received one or two severe wounds, prostrated his foe, and instantly unsheathing his yataghan, was about to plunge it into his body. At this moment a loud crash was heard in the adjoining room; the floor had fallen in, and the fiery element issuing from below, seemed to have secured and half devoured its prey. A sudden thought appeared to strike the mind of Charilo. He sheathed his yataghan, and seizing upon his victim, dragged him along



the corridor to the brink of the burning chasm, and then lifting him from the ground, threw him headlong into the abyss below, exclaiming, in a voice of triumphant passion, "There, fiend! die in thine own element!"

The flames were at length extinguished, avarice and vengeance were alike satiated with their spoil, and the silence of desolation succeeded to the horrors of the siege and the assault. But Charilo was no where to be found: he had retired on the completion of his revenge, and it was long before he again appeared upon the stage.

THE  
PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that love might share,  
And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest.

\* \* \* \* \*

Strange, that where all is peace beside,  
There Passion riots in her pride,  
And lust and rapine wildly reign,  
To darken o'er the fair domain !

*Giaour.*

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THE  
PIRATES OF THE ARCHIPELAGO.

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It is curious to observe how far the fanciful impressions of infancy will sometimes extend their shadows into after life. From my childhood, though I scarce knew why, the Egean Archipelago had always been "one of the greenest islands of my imagination." Hence, when I found myself sailing by moonlight over its still waters, with its hundred isles of light flourishing and looking beautiful around me, I could scarcely realise my situation, or believe that I was actually in the middle of that very ocean, hallowed by so many lovely and glorious associations, and the goal of all the warmest and most romantic aspirations of my youth.

I visited the various Greek islands, in company with a valued friend, in the spring of last year. We hired for the cruise a small Greek goëlette, manned by Hydriote sailors, and carrying two swivel guns of tolerable



size. This was a necessary precaution ; for the whole of the Archipelago swarmed with pirates ; and every fresh port we touched at we learned some new example of their daring and success, and too often of their cruelty. They had sprung up suddenly in the month of March, and had appeared in several quarters at the same time ; and it was conjectured, from their numbers and extraordinary audacity, that they must be supported by some high authority, and act under explicit directions. They were composed, so far as could be discovered, of individuals from all nations, chiefly Syriac, Egyptian, and Greek. They attacked vessels of all sizes, and bearing all flags. Near Milo they had captured a Sardinian brig, and subjected the crew to every species of abominable outrage ; and at Syra we received an account, which proved afterwards only too correct, of these miscreants having seized two Austrian vessels of considerable size in the Gulf of Salonica. The crews made a gallant resistance, and the pirates in revenge took them to the island of Thasos, and after subjecting them to the most ignominious treatment, massacred them all. These cir-

cumstances, as may be imagined, were constantly present to our thoughts; and we proceeded on our voyage cautiously and anxiously. One night, as we were sailing between Tinos and Delos, leaning over the side of our vessel, and watching the bright and fairy phosphorescence of the dividing waves, my friend related to me the following incident, which I will give nearly in his own words.

“ Not long since I had occasion to pass in a Venetian brig from Alexandria to Smyrna, and as I was desirous to take this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the *Ægean*, the captain, at my request, visited a few of the more interesting islands. One day in May we were lying off the north-east coast of the island of Naxos, enjoying the freshening softness of the evening air after a day of excessive sultriness. At sunset the wind gradually died away, and gave place to one of those dead, motionless calms so common in these uncertain seas. We had watched with melancholy interest the last gleams of the departing sun, as he disappeared behind the wooded hills of Antiparos, and were now enjoying the soft dim

lustre of the moon as she rose upon the lovely scene before us. The soft outlines, the rich woods, and the perfumed airs which breathed from Naxos, as fertile and smiling as in the days when it gave birth to Bacchus—behind us Paros and Antiparos, hallowed by poetical associations—and Syra, Delos, and other isles, dimly discernible in the distance, formed the chief features of the landscape, while the rich moonlight softly glimmered on the almost motionless bosom of the waters.

‘ And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o’er the deep,  
Whose breast is gently heaving  
As an infant’s asleep.’

“ Occasionally a slight ripple against the sides of the vessel awoke the slumbering phosphorescence of the ocean, and elicited a light which had something of enchantment both in its delicacy and its evanescence. There was a stillness—a calmness—a surpassing beauty—a sacred purity, in the scene which inspired one with the thoughts and the language of another world; and as I gave way to the reveries and remembrances

it awakened, I almost lost the recollection of our meaner nature, and forgot that I was still on earth.

“In this mood of mind I was leaning over the side of the vessel, when the captain came and tapped me gently on the shoulder, and, with a look of peculiar significance, pointed to an abrupt promontory about two miles a-head of us. I followed his eye, and could distinguish with difficulty two long narrow boats, with three small masts in each, and impelled apparently by nearly twenty oars, making straight for our vessel. As they came more distinctly into view, and we could discern their form, it was such as to leave us no doubt of their nature or intentions. We had heard them described too often and too minutely not to recognise them at a glance: they were a band of those terrible pirates who were then infesting the *Ægean*, and whose daring and cruelty had struck terror into all the sailors who frequent these seas. I looked at the captain. He was a brave man, I knew, for I had seen him tried; yet now his lip quivered, and a shuddering came over his whole frame, as he saw, in all its horrors, the fate which was probably in store



for us. We knew that our chance of a successful resistance was but small; but weak as it was, we had learned enough of the brutality of these wretches in other cases to be aware it was our only hope. Outrage, ignominy, and massacre, had been inflicted, according to the varying caprice of the hour; and in particular, their treatment of the crews of two vessels which had lately fallen into their hands, determined us to fight to the last plank, and then take what fate it might please Providence to send us.

“Escape was impossible. There was not a breath of air sufficient even to stir a handkerchief; and these pirates always profit by a calm, which enables them to attack an unwieldy vessel to great advantage. We got all our arms on deck, and each man stood ready at his post. I had laid my sword and pistols on the gunwale before me, and was leaning on my carbine, watching the advance of the enemy. There was a dead silence through the ship, till we could distinctly hear the splashing of their oars as they gradually neared us:—it was horrible to be thus deserted by the elements at our greatest need. There was not breeze or motion suf-

ficient to enable us even to turn the vessel; and there was not one of us who would not thankfully have exchanged our helpless, motionless condition, against the wildest hurricane that ever blew over a tropical sea. We were delivered up to our enemies, as it were, bound hand and foot. This feeling of paralysis grew upon us momentarily, like the horrors of nightmare. Every man seemed afraid to breathe, and we might have heard a pin drop at the furthest extremity of the ship. We were looking Death in the face, —and I felt that he was indeed the King of Terrors.

“The boats at length came within hail. I counted thirty men in the one boat, and twenty in the other;—we did not muster twenty-five in all. They rowed close alongside, one at one side, and the other at the other, and summoned us to surrender. The captain returned no answer, but took a deliberate aim with his musket at the summoner, and shot him through the heart. We all followed his example, and our fire was eminently successful. They returned it in haste, and then, without waiting to reload, began to climb the sides of our vessel. We

offered them no resistance, but retired to the quarter-deck, where our two small cannon had been placed, and ranged ourselves before them. As soon as the pirates had clambered upon deck, without waiting to form, they drew their heavy cimeters and yataghans, and rushed tumultuously upon us. In a moment we drew a little to either side, and at the same instant our two guns poured their grape-shot, through our ranks, upon the confused mass of our assailants. The effect was tremendous; for a moment we thought the victory was ours, and we rushed upon them to complete our work. But they rallied too quickly, and then began the real contest: it was man to man—hand to hand—sabre to sabre. The pirates were desperate by character—we were rendered so by situation; and the combat was one of such deep and concentrated fury as I trust never to witness again. Two of the combatants who were firmly grappled, and were slashing each other with their daggers, missed their footing on the quarter-deck, and fell overboard together. But even in the water I could observe that they did not quit their hold; each grasped his antagonist with the frenzy

of a dying man, and they sunk in each other's arms. How long the battle lasted I know not : it might be five minutes—it might be ten ; but I was brought to the ground I scarce knew how, and when I recovered my senses it was all over.

“ Myself and six of my companions were the sole survivors : they were all wounded, and tied with ropes to the side of our vessel. The captain was among them. His arms were pinioned behind him, and he was lashed to the mainmast. He was evidently faint and weak from loss of blood, and his pale countenance expressed a sort of hopeless resignation, interrupted at times by a transient shudder of unconquerable horror, as the thought of the fate in store for us rushed across his mind. The pirates, whose numbers had been greatly thinned during the action, were lying on the quarter-deck, some sleeping, and others watching. The first faint streak of morning light was just appearing along the horizon, and our conquerors took advantage of a breeze which sprung up to direct our vessel towards their port. Just then a ship of considerable size came in sight round the corner of the island, and passed



us within a few hundred yards. Our captain, regardless of the consequences, hailed the strange sail, and claimed the assistance of her crew, and at the same moment received a shot which silenced him for ever. The pirates sprung to their feet, and prepared to receive those we had called upon to save us. They had seen our situation, but they turned a deaf ear to our entreaties; they spoke not—turned not—stayed not. The ship of safety speeded on its way; and as it gradually lessened in the distance, our excited hopes sunk into despair, and our hearts died away within us.

“ I am an observer both by habit and disposition, even in times of the deepest anxiety and danger; and as a faint gleam of hope, in the shape of an accepted ransom, had already flashed across my mind, I began to look out, with a sort of throbbing curiosity, mingled with alarm and doubt, for the pirates’ den, whither our course was evidently directed. It was not long before we arrived. Six of the pirates immediately proceeded southward with our captured ship, for the purpose, as we afterwards found, of selling her at Rhodes, with the inhabitants of which island they

kept up a regular traffic of this nature. The remainder of our victors got into their two boats, whither we were compelled to follow them, and pulled towards shore. I despair of being able to delineate, otherwise than with the pencil, the extraordinary scene we now approached. It was a bold, craggy, almost perpendicular coast; and we soon discovered a vast chasm or fissure, which extended the whole height of the rock, and to a considerable depth inland. Into this chasm we entered, and, after rowing about fifty yards, another considerable fissure opened at right angles to the first. Though at least sixty yards broad at the level of the water, this second chasm gradually diminished in breadth, till at the surface of the island its existence was only discernible by a narrow crack over which an active man might leap with ease. At the end of this extraordinary natural vault, and about twenty feet above the sea, was a cave, narrow at its entrance, but widening considerably as it penetrated deeper into the rock, and by no means dissimilar to the subterranean gallery underneath the citadel of Argos. As the pirates moored their boats at the ex-

tremity of this vast cavern, (for such, notwithstanding the narrow opening above, it might be called), two of their associates appeared at the mouth of the cave to welcome them and inquire of their success. A few words were interchanged between them, and my companions and I were then ordered to mount into the cave by means of a ladder of ropes which was let down to the boat's edge. To one of these unfortunate wretches the moment seemed to offer a last chance for safety. When his turn came to ascend, he pretended to lose his hold, slipped into the water, dived under the nearest boat, and swam vigorously away. But the effort proved a desperate one; the pirates were too vigilant to be thus deceived; three firelocks were discharged at the unhappy man too deliberately to miss the mark,—he gave a horrid shriek, which is still ringing in my ears,—stretched forth his hands wildly and imploringly to Heaven,—then slowly sunk beneath the surface;—and the bubbles which ascended one by one from his last suffocating gasps, alone indicated the spot where he had disappeared.

“We were all struck with horror. It seemed to us a foreboding of our own fate,



and we shuddered as we entered this dark cavern of iniquity. There seemed to be many recesses in different directions ; but the part of the cave where the pirates were assembled was nearly circular, and a rude lamp, which was suspended from the damp vault, served to shew the dreariness and discomfort of the chamber, and the mats and weapons which formed its only furniture.

“I will not detail to you the horrors of our situation, nor the ignominious treatment to which we were subjected, during our abode in the pirates’ den. It was living with the devil and his angels. My four remaining companions were taken out of the cave at midnight, about a week after our arrival, and put on board one of the pirates’ boats ; and I had afterwards reason to believe that they were sold as slaves in some of the ports of Syria. I only escaped their fate from having been able to persuade the pirates, by producing my papers, that if my friends at Smyrna were informed of my situation, they would willingly advance whatever ransom might be demanded ; and I pledged myself at the same time that I would never attempt to make known their residence. I



wrote to Smyrna, and an answer soon arrived. The pirates, impatient for their promised ransom, immediately conveyed me to *Scala Nuova*, the port of the ancient Ephesus, where my friends met me, and I was delivered up to them on payment of the stipulated sum. It was two thousand dollars.

“As I rode towards Smyrna, the world seemed to have opened afresh before me: I was disposed to look upon every thing with a favourable eye. Even the miserable village of Aiasaluck appeared rich and beautiful; all nature was bright and laughing; and I felt that I had taken out a new lease of life.

“The same pirates are now infesting the Archipelago; and, from the description, I believe them to have been the very gang who last month massacred the Austrian crews at the Isle of Thasos. But I remembered my promise; and not even a robber shall have to reproach me with a breach of trust.”

This was the substance, and nearly the words, of my friend's narrative; and, from many confirmatory statements which I heard both in Greece and Smyrna, I am inclined to believe that there is neither incorrectness

nor exaggeration in the smallest circumstance.

We continued our voyage without any interruption, beyond that of frequent calms ; and after visiting Syra, Delos, and Scio, we reached Smyrna on the 25th of May.



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MIAULIS.



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MAVROCORDATO, IPSILANTI,  
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I HAVE already attempted to bring before my readers the persons and the characters of a few of the more celebrated Greek chieftains, as far as I had opportunity of becoming acquainted with them; and I shall now complete these Sketches by introducing to their notice three other very remarkable actors in the revolution.

The Fanariotes, or Greeks of Constantinople, boast themselves to be lineally descended from the princes of the Eastern Empire. They are very superior to their countrymen in education, in talent for intrigue, and in acquaintance with European manners, literature, and politics. It is from among them that the chief dragomans or interpreters of the Porte are chosen; and the hospodarships of Moldavia and Wallachia have always been considered as the patrimony of one or other of their most illustrious

families. Those who have lately held these offices have been selected from the princely houses of Soutzo, Mavrocordato, Caradgi, and Ipsilanti. When the Greek revolution broke out, the actual representatives of these families all took a more or less active share in its fortunes: Mavrocordato and the two Ipsilantis, in particular, identified themselves with the cause.

Prince Alexander Mavrocordato appeared in Greece soon after the commencement of the struggle; and his superior talents and education immediately placed him at the head of the government. A stranger in Greece, and almost regarded as a foreigner, without friends, connexions, or property on the continent, looked upon with jealousy, and disliked by many of his coadjutors, and with nothing but his rank and talents to command respect, he has yet succeeded in fighting his way through all obstacles, and has obtained the full influence to which his character and abilities entitle him. I called upon him, immediately after the expulsion of Augustine Capodistrias, at the house of his sister Madame Tricoupi, who is by far the most beautiful woman I saw in Greece. Like all the Fanariotes, he

was dressed in the European fashion, which by no means set off his person to advantage. His figure is short, thick-set, and clumsy; and a habit of stooping which he has contracted increases these natural defects. His features are by no means handsome, rather the contrary; his rough black hair flows down over his shoulders; his mustachios are grown out of all moderation; his full shaggy eyebrows give effect to a glance of uncommon penetration; and his whole countenance is indicative of great vivacity and acute perception. His manners are polite, but not easy; and his conversation, in which he displays much of the cautious self-possession of the accomplished diplomatist, is lively, clear, and pointed, with an occasional slight tinge of sarcasm. In my first interview with him, he avoided every thing like serious discussion on the state of Greece, and was apparently disposed to feel his way; but subsequently he became more communicative, and I was much struck with the shrewdness and sound judgment displayed in his remarks. He is the only one among his countrymen with any thing of the powers or the knowledge of a statesman; and, indeed, he possesses a ver-



satility of talent which fits him for almost every situation. As an organiser, he is without a rival; his financial capacities are far beyond what a treasury as empty as that of Greece is likely to require; and even as a military man, he has displayed abilities of no mean order, joined to the immovable courage of a true hero. He has laboured for his country in every situation, and under every difficulty and disadvantage. His exertions have been indefatigable; he has always flown to whatever quarter had most need of his services; and though not a very general favourite with the other chiefs, his influence is still predominant; and he has always been the actual main-spring of his party, even when he ceased to be its ostensible leader.

Demetrius Ipsilanti is, like Mavrocordato, a prince of the Fanar. His brother Alexander was the first who raised the standard of revolt in the northern provinces; but the attempt was ill judged and ill conducted; and its unfortunate leader perished in an Austrian dungeon. Immediately after this failure, Demetrius, then only twenty-four years of age, came to Greece, and soon distinguished himself as one of the most active leaders of

the revolution. His personal appearance is most extraordinary. When I saw him in the spring of 1832, he could not have been above thirty-five years of age, but his looks were those of a man of sixty. Considerably below the middle size, with a head entirely destitute of hair, and presenting the exact similitude of a mishapen skull; with limbs shrunk and emaciated to a degree I have never witnessed even in the last stage of a consumption; with a constant cough, and a voice feeble and nearly inarticulate;—you might almost fancy him the resuscitated skeleton of one of the three hundred who perished at Thermopylæ. But, labouring to this extent under every imaginable personal disadvantage, he is a memorable proof how completely man may rise superior to all bodily infirmities, and how powerfully a determined spirit can invigorate a feeble frame. Demetrius Ipsilanti is a soldier of the most brilliant reputation. He is never so happy or so well as when undergoing all the hardships and fatigues of war; and to lie in his cloak on the bare ground, and under the open sky, is his favourite couch. He seems to have as little of the animal in his composition as a mortal may.

Wherever there has been a desperate service to perform, an untenable fortress to hold out, a forlorn hope to be led, or an adventurous attack to be executed, Ipsilanti has always volunteered his exertions, and has invariably come off with honour. In society, in the council, or the senate, he feels out of place; his home is in the camp, and his favourite companions are the rude soldiery of Greece. He seems to have felt that he was not destined either for a long or a happy life, and to have early formed the noble resolution of renouncing ease and indulgence, and of devoting the utmost capacities of a shattered and extenuated frame to a cause in which they would not be thrown away. By this truly heroic conduct he has earned an immortal reputation; and if his gallant spirit be indeed gone to its repose,\* he has left a name which will be for ever associated with the rising fortunes of regenerated Greece, as those of Themistocles, Miltiades, and Thrasylulus, are with the glories of her ancient days.

\* A report of his death has recently reached England: whether true or false I have not yet learned.

One of the most interesting spots in Greece is the small island of Hydra, which lies off the chief promontory of Argolis, at the distance of about twenty miles from Nauplia. This barren rock, unsheltered by a single tree—unvaried by the slightest trace of vegetation, was fixed upon, about the middle of the last century, by a number of refugees from the continent, as a place where they could hope to establish their humble navy, and prosecute their commercial enterprises, undisturbed by the oppressions and vexations to which they were constantly subject on the mainland. As their projects succeeded, and their wealth increased, the Hydriotes were able to purchase an immunity from the presence of any Turkish authority; and partly from this unusual degree of freedom, and still more from their skill and hardihood, they rapidly advanced both in property and population; and in a very short time after their first establishment, they had engrossed a considerable portion of the commerce of the Archipelago.

The Hydriotes form a strong contrast to the rest of their countrymen. Their dress is somewhat different, as, instead of *kilts*, they



wear very full trousers, which tie below the knee, and clean white or brown cotton stockings, with black shoes. They never carry arms; and the expression of their countenances is more manly, and at the same time more benignant, than that of the generality of the continental Greeks. They are said, however, to be ferocious in the extreme; but how far this character is well founded, I had no opportunity of observing.

The Hydriotes are remarkably clean, both in their dress, their persons, and their habitations. These last are unusually comfortable, and even luxurious, the court-yards being paved with white marble, and the floors often carpeted. The contrast in these particulars with the rest of Greece is truly striking.

The Hydriote sailors have done more to effect the liberation of Greece than any other body of men, by the terror with which they succeeded in inspiring the Turkish navy by their astonishing determination and dexterity in the management of fire-ships. The number of the enemy's vessels they destroyed by means of their *brûlots* in the course of the war seems scarcely credible. As commanders

in this dangerous service, Psamadò, Sactouri, and Canaris, have obtained a brilliant reputation. The famous exploit of Canaris in destroying, single-handed, the vessel of the Capitan Pacha at Scio, immediately after the massacre, will be long remembered. One other instance of the skill and success of these brûlottiers is too remarkable to be passed over.

After the capture of the island of Sphacteria by the Egyptians under Ibrahim Pacha, early in May 1825, he sent the greater part of his fleet to the port of Modon, whither he was followed on the 12th by the celebrated Greek admiral Miaulis with twenty-two brigs and four fire-ships. In the evening, a favourable gale springing up, he ordered the brûlots to enter the harbour and set fire to the enemy's fleet. The Egyptians, terrified at the approach of these dreaded engines, attempted to escape, and were thrown into the utmost confusion; the brûlots were easily grappled to them, and the flames spread with frightful rapidity. The whole of the Egyptian squadron, twenty-five in number, was destroyed, and the brûlottiers regained their vessels without the loss of a single man. In

the mean time, some burning fragments of the ships which had blown up fell into a large store-house inside the town of Modon, well stocked with ammunition; and the explosion, as may be imagined, was tremendous. The shock was felt at sea to a considerable distance.

Admiral Miaulis, of whom I have just spoken, is a Hydriote, and is one of the worthiest and most valiant of the Greeks. He is above sixty, tall and strong-made, with thin grey hair, and a countenance every feature of which expresses the greatest honesty, benevolence, and good nature. His manners are simple, cordial, and friendly; he is a man of uncommon bravery and determination; and, with the single exception of Ipsilanti, I should consider him the only disinterested unambitious patriot whom Greece can boast. His conduct from the commencement of the struggle has been uniformly that of a plain, honest, courageous, hearty seaman, entirely devoted to his country, and far above the influence of any selfish aim. He has been much blamed for setting fire to the *Hellas* frigate, the finest vessel in the Greek navy, when the Russian admiral,

at the instigation of Capodistrias, endeavoured to seize her at a time when the Hydriotes were in opposition to government, and when she would of course have been employed against that island. But Miaulis acted by the advice of his colleagues, and to the best of his judgment; and the case was one in which a wiser man might have erred without being culpable.

There are still many illustrious characters in the history of modern Greece, who well deserve an honourable mention, such as Tombazi, Conduriotti, and Rizo; but their celebrity has not spread so far as to render any attempt to delineate their character acceptable to the general reader; and the three noble patriots whom I have here described may serve as specimens of the better spirits of Greece.





**CHARACTER OF THE MODERN  
GREEKS.**



## CHARACTER OF THE MODERN GREEKS.

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THERE are few undertakings more difficult or presumptuous than the attempt to delineate, in a didactic form, the characteristic features of a peculiar people. It is only by placing before the reader a variety of individual scenes, and pointed anecdotes, minutely and discriminatingly described, that any definite or adequate idea can be conveyed of national character and manners. In this style of delineation, Sir John Malcolm, in his "Sketches in Persia," Mr. Morier, in "Hajji Baba," and Cooper, in "The Last of the Mohicans," have admirably succeeded; and Washington Irving has followed them, though at a humble distance, in his "Tales of the Alhambra." I have endeavoured in the foregoing pages, though I fear with very ill success, to lay before my reader some scenes and sketches which may convey to his mind a faithful,



though probably a very imperfect, conception of the character of the modern Greeks, seen in its complete nakedness, under the unfavourable circumstances of total disorganisation and great political excitement. I propose in this sketch to make a few supplementary remarks on some of the more obvious and salient qualities which distinguish this singular people.

A mere tourist will generally come away with an unfavourable impression of the people among whom he has been travelling. He has necessarily come in contact chiefly with innkeepers, postilions, and vetturini, where such descriptions of men exist ; or, in their absence, with small tradesmen, horse-keepers, guides, &c. and the rest of that varied and innumerable genus, which in all countries subsists on the wants and inexperience of the passing pilgrim. Now, in all times and places, as a matter of general notoriety, and almost of necessity, these people are all of them knaves of greater or less enormity ; and a traveller's opinion of their country will be worse or better according to his skill in detecting their impositions. The money-changer takes from him three per cent more than the

regular rate of interest; his banker charges him peradventure a scudo for a letter which has only cost five paoli; the innkeeper makes a profit out of him of five hundred per cent; the horse-dealer is equally exorbitant in his demands; he agrees with a vetturino, who begs for a *caparro*, or earnest-money, and as soon as he has obtained it, disappears; —and the aggrieved traveller boils over with indignation and disgust, and returns home in a pet, swearing that the French, Italians, or Greeks, as they may chance to be, are a set of infamous scoundrels, and that there is no country like Old England after all! On this account I am always disposed to distrust the testimony of those who abuse the people among whom they have been sojourning, especially as I have found that those who have resided long in any country, generally end in becoming attached to its inhabitants, in whom they can discover many virtues which entirely escape the observation of the tourist. “I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, ‘’Tis all barren!’”

I have endeavoured to avoid falling into this palpable error. I have met with rascals

in Greece, as in every other country I have visited ; but I found that there, as elsewhere, they “ floated scum-like uppermost,” and afforded no criterion of the general character of their compatriots. For true specimens of the Grecian character I looked to the wilder and remoter parts, and took my estimate from the observation of many individuals in every variety of circumstance and situation.

I. The Greeks possess uncommon natural talent, but almost no knowledge or education. There probably exists no people in the world endowed with such astonishing quickness of perception, facility of acquisition, and capacity of retention. Any information which they once acquire is never forgotten, and they seldom fail to acquire whatever opportunity may place within their power. Languages in particular they learn with remarkable facility : some who have had no other advantage than that of being a few months in the company of foreigners, speak French and Italian with fluency and correctness ; and one young man, who was only absent from his country a single twelvemonth, returned more or less completely master of five European languages.



But their capacity for acquirement is at least equalled by the paucity of their acquisitions. They have hitherto had no means of gaining knowledge. They can generally read and write, but to this their education is almost exclusively confined. Of most of the arts, and of all the sciences, especially that of government, they are wholly ignorant; and in consequence those few who have had the advantage of visiting Europe, or enjoying any thing resembling a liberal education, are called at once to the highest offices of state. It is a remarkable fact, that of about nine persons who formed the government which succeeded the expulsion of Augustine Capodistrias, three were physicians who had studied at the Italian schools, and four were Fanariotes, who are generally men of very superior acquirements to their countrymen at large. Had the Greeks the means of a liberal education placed within their reach, as it is to be hoped they will have when their government is settled, and their country tranquil, there is every reason to believe that they will seize on it with avidity, and profit by it to its full extent; and that their progress both in useful and ornamental knowledge will be



as unlimited as their susceptibility of improvement, and their desire of information.

II. The Greeks are remarkable for their finesse and intriguing spirit. This last quality has long been considered as the distinction of the Fanariotes ; but I conceive it to belong to all the Greeks without exception. Talented, versatile, indefatigably active, subtle, and insinuating, they prefer obtaining their object by intrigue and stratagem to gaining it honestly by industry and perseverance, in neither of which qualities, however, are they at all deficient. A Greek merchant is always endeavouring to undermine, outgeneral, and counterplot his competitors or customers, and will prefer gaining fifty pounds by ingenuity and finesse to double the sum obtained in the regular course of trade. This is the national propensity, and we cannot quarrel with it. It proceeds rather from a peculiar talent than from any inordinate desire of gain ; and, though certainly unfavourable to perfect honesty in their dealings, is not incompatible with it. It is, however, to this peculiar feature in their character that the Greek merchants, settled in European and Asiatic ports, owe the reputation for unfair-

ness which they have obtained from the indignation of those they have outwitted. A Greek merchant is, if we may so speak, a species of *amateur deceiver*; it is less a love of filthy lucre which urges him to cheat, than the desire to exercise his wit and cleverness: and we may generally conclude, that the complaints we constantly hear of the dishonest practices of the Greeks are the results of their subtlety of spirit, exercised on unusual and perhaps illegitimate occasions.

But the fact is, that in Greece this finesse is held in very high estimation; stealing is scarcely more discreditable than it was among the ancient Spartans, and he who *steals with talent* feels himself nowise degraded by the act. The celebrated robber chieftain, Colocotroni, displays not a little of this finesse in the means by which he has frequently contributed in the late wars to lay the neighbouring districts under contribution for the supply of his own and his followers' necessities. Whenever a rumour was spread, which, of course, was as often as he chose to spread it, of the approach of any formidable enemy, the cunning klepht managed to persuade the people that it was highly important to place

their more valuable and moveable property in a place of security, and offered his castle for the purpose. When the unthinking peasantry had fallen into the trap, and conveyed their few possessions to Caritena, and when the danger grew nearer and more pressing, he insinuated that as ere long they might be necessitated to take shelter in his castle, it was important to provision it for a large garrison and a long siege, and also to bring in all the munitions of war they were able to procure. As soon as the danger had blown over, the subtle Greek sold off the stock thus acquired, trusting to replenish his castle by similar means on similar exigencies. When I visited him in the spring of 1831, he had just laid in provisions and muniments for a two years' siege, and, as I understood, under the same fraudulent pretences.

On the whole, however, the Greek is sly and subtle rather from taste and habit than from avarice and ambition ; and as his ancestors have borne the same character from the earliest ages, there is little hope of extirpating these ambiguous qualities ; but much may be done in giving them a direction in which they may be harmless, and even valuable.

III. A very considerable proportion of the existing Greek population is descended from the Albanians,\* a notoriously wild and savage race of mountaineers. Numbers have been trained from their youth to habits of petty warfare and illegal violence: they have been robbers and plunderers by profession, without discipline, and without restraint. Many of the smaller chieftains, calling themselves *klephts*, or *armatoli*, lived by turbulence and depredation; and we cannot, therefore, be surprised, that, since they were freed from their Turkish masters, their history has presented constant traits of savage ferocity, an impatient and uncontrollable temper, and a total want of all subordination or harmony of action. War and dissension seem to be their elements, and bloody quarrels to form their daily bread. Acts of violence constantly occur, which can scarcely be credited by those who have not visited their country; and each leader acts not only independently of, but often in opposition to, the government he professes to support. Colocotroni only the other day drew out his pistol (a four-barrelled one, which he always carries in his belt), and

\* See page 26.



threatened to shoot an uproarious officer at his own table. The riotous guest, however, knowing that no man in Greece was more likely to execute such a threat, was wise enough to rise and leave the table. When General Grivas, the military leader of the Roumeliote faction, had gained the battle of the Isthmus, and taken possession of Corinth, a young man was brought before him who had made a rather more obstinate resistance than the rest. The exasperated savage drew his yatagan, and, rushing on the unfortunate prisoner, was about to split his skull, when his hand was arrested by Hadji Christo, a chief a trifle more bland and polished than himself, who with great difficulty persuaded him to refrain from his brutal purpose.

This same Grivas was the hero of another exploit, which well deserves commemoration. In the revolutionary war, the lofty and commanding fortress of Palamede, which overhangs Nauplia, remained in the possession of the Turks some time after the town below had been wrested from them. Grivas, with a chosen band of followers, surprised it one night by a bold and well-conducted assault, and threw the Turks headlong from the

battlements. Instead, however, of delivering the fortress into the hands of the government, or holding it under them, he retained it for his own purposes, and defended it equally against Turk and Greek. Whenever it happened that he was in want of money—an exigency of almost daily occurrence—he pointed the cannon of the fort upon the town, and sent down word that, unless an adequate number of dollars were returned by the messenger, he should immediately commence firing. The character of the man was well known, and the dollars were regularly sent. Nearly the same trick is playing now in every part of Greece. The needy chiefs each seize the castle or fort which lies most within their reach, and refuse to surrender it to the officers appointed by government, alleging that they are keeping it for Prince Otho. In this way Giavella has lately taken possession of Patrass.

While the chiefs are occupied in these irregular pastimes, it must not be imagined that the soldiery are idle. On the contrary, they profit by, and improve upon, the lesson which is read them. They receive no pay from government, for government has not

a piastre in its coffers ; and as an authority which does not pay its troops can never control them, they give themselves up to every species of military license. They pillage, they ravish, they murder ; and there is scarcely a single one of all the abhorred crimes and cruelties of war, of which Greece is not at this moment the theatre and the victim.

These are the darker features of the Grecian character. But they are well relieved by others which we cannot fail both to admire and love, and which hold forth a bright promise of mature and ripened excellence. Of the chiefs I shall never speak but with gratitude and affection. I visited them at a time when their hands were red with each others' blood, — when the rude passions excited by civil war were at their height, — and when suspicion, distrust, and hatred, were uppermost in every mind. I entered into both camps, — I became familiarly acquainted with the leaders of both parties, — and from both did I experience the same confiding kindness, — the same unsolicited hospitality, the same generous and liberal assistance. They never asked if I was



friend or foe ;—they never inquired my name, my nation, or my purpose ;—they saw me coming from the quarters of the enemy, and yet received me with unsuspecting friendship. It was sufficient for them that I was a stranger and a gentleman, and desirous of their acquaintance. And I never had occasion to ask a favour from a Greek, that it was not *more* than granted, and in a manner which made it a pleasure to receive the obligation. Their delicacy was as remarkable as their generous hospitality. Though my companion and myself were in constant communication with both parties, and sometimes in possession of their secret plans, neither party ever made the slightest attempt to procure from us information of the motions or intentions of their antagonists. When we returned to Giavella, (as mentioned in p. 58), he forbore to question us respecting the expected march of the army from Lepanto, though on our answer would have depended his own line of conduct, and, to a certain degree, his safety. And, as has been already stated,\* when we visited Colocotroni

\* See page 108.



laden with the news of the change of government at Nauplia, which involved his fate, though he manifested a strong desire to question us, yet as soon as he perceived that we were not disposed to enter on the subject, he at once dropped the conversation, and turned to a less embarrassing topic. These are examples of forbearance deserving of high consideration.

Of the religion of the Greeks little can be said, except that, as in the time of St. Paul, "they are in all things too superstitious." In place of the gods of their ancient mythology, "they have now at least as many saints, and I am afraid often of as doubtful morality."\* Charms, amulets, and votive offerings, hold as undiminished credit as the sacrifices and auguries of old ;† and not a vessel ever puts to sea without a protection against the evil eye nailed to the mast, and a farthing taper burning before a picture of the Virgin Mary in the cabin. The priests, notwithstanding their gross ignorance and often blemished character, have

\* Douglas on the Character of the Modern Greeks, p. 62.

† Emerson's Picture of Greece in 1825, p. 328.

almost unlimited influence over the weak minds of the people, which, as may be expected, is frequently employed for the worst of purposes. The Greeks have four great fasts in the year, the shortest of which is twenty, and the longest sixty days; during the greater part of which time they abstain even from fish. Besides this, they fast every Wednesday and Friday, and sundry saint-days besides,—in all, more than half the year.

On the whole, I am disposed to think that the Greeks, degraded and painful to witness as is their present condition, contain in their own character and circumstances the seeds of high intellectual eminence, and extended national prosperity. We may look to their being a rapidly progressing people. Under a wise and stable government, their commerce and population will advance with gigantic strides; and as their territory gradually stretches forward towards the capital of their ancient empire, they will again take rank among the powerful and enlightened nations of Europe. It is to be hoped that Grecian advancement will keep pace with Turkish decline; and the fair and fertile

lands which are now torpified and withered beneath the grasp of the imbecile Ottoman, may then again become the patrimony of a nation which will know how to develop their latent resources, and to wield their mighty energies.

## SARDIS.

La lune est l'astre des ruines.—*Corinne.*





## SARDIS.

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ON the evening of the 29th of May I left Ephesus, and directing my course eastward, reached Tiriah the same night. This town, which is built on the declivity of a hill, resembles all the other large Turkish towns; that is, it appears most beautiful as you approach it, but on entering you find nothing but poverty, filth, and squalid wretchedness. The houses in the higher part of the town command a splendid view over one of those vast rich valleys which abound in this part of Asia, hemmed in by distant but not lofty hills, flat, well-wooded, generally well cultivated, and sprinkled over with many picturesque villages and hamlets. The following day, as I rode across it to the foot of Mount Tmolus, I saw, for the first time, an example of one of the most terrible scourges to which these oriental countries are subject. The whole plain was filled with locusts. The air was

not darkened, but *spotted* all over with them as far as the eye could reach; they formed a sort of brown mantle for the earth, and rose in myriads under our horses' feet as we rode along. They had already devoured every blade of grass upon the plain, and were then at work upon the corn-fields and hedges. A year seldom passes in which the country is not visited with this plague of insects to a greater or less degree; and five years ago they arrived on this same plain in such fearful numbers, that after completely clearing the corn and pasture land, they attacked the trees, and did not leave the place till they had altogether stripped them of every particle of verdure: not even the mulberry-trees escaped.\* The consequence of this visitation was a famine, which carried off a considerable number.

The ensuing morning we crossed the range of hills known by the name of Mount Tmolus, which is from three to four thousand feet in height, and is crowned at the summit with some of the most magnificent oaks, beeches, and plane-trees, I have ever

\* These are always the last attacked by the locusts.

seen. Even those in our English parks cannot compete with them for size or beauty. We pursued a northerly direction towards Sardis, and after about six hours' riding, began to descend a wooded glen, surrounded on every side by vast hills of sand, which are fast crumbling away. On the loftiest of these was situated the capital of Croesus, of which the foundations and part of the walls still remain. The small stream of the Pactolus, anciently so celebrated for its golden sands, flowed beside our path, sometimes stealing along with a scarcely perceptible motion,—at others, leaping from rock to rock with the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. When the descent was finished, we turned eastward, and came suddenly upon the splendid Ionic temple of Cybele, once the chief ornament of the Lydian capital. It is scarcely possible to conceive a situation of more utter loneliness. The valley was still narrow,—the sand-hills raised their abrupt and fantastic forms on each side of it,—and the Pactolus murmured along almost to the foot of the prostrate columns. A few yards further you can see the point at which the valley opens into the



vast plain of Sardis, dignified by the classical remembrances connected with the tomb of Alyattes, and the Lake of Gyges; and now enlivened by the black tents of the wandering Turcomans, and the numbers of camels, sheep, and goats, which were feeding around them. It was a soft summer's afternoon, and the air had been freshened by the morning's rain. The place was as silent as nature may be. No sound reached us but the murmuring of the brook below,—the faint sighing of the evening breeze amid the tall poplars which grew along its banks,—and the occasional bleating of some young goat which had missed its mother, and fancied itself an orphan. The columns, and capitals, and cornices of this glorious temple were lying around, unbroken though fallen, and still as beautiful and perfect as on the day they were first fashioned from the shapeless marble, and received their homage of admiration from the multitude assembled to witness their erection. It seems as though the works of man have more of the impress of eternity upon them in these mild climates than European art may aspire to. There is no gradual corrosion to wear away their

fair proportions; century rolls on after century, and leaves them as it found them, still beautiful, still young; if armies and earthquakes have forborne to injure, time is equally magnanimous; and the architect, as he looked with the exultation of successful genius on the splendid edifices he had created, might say without bombast or hyperbole, "I have laboured for eternity!"

In the middle of the last century, when this place was visited by Dr. Chandler, five columns were still erect. These are now reduced to two. The other three appear to have been dislodged by an earthquake; but as they have not been broken by their fall, they might easily be replaced in their former situation. The temple is Ionic, and is almost the only, and by far the most perfect specimen of the order extant. The capitals are beautifully carved, and the ornaments vary in each.

The site of the ancient Sardis is now quite desolate. Only two families of shepherds reside there, and their wretched hovels are lost in the surrounding ruins. Of the ancient city of Cræsus there is now no vestige; but the remains of the Roman town

which succeeded it, are still numerous and interesting. The description of them is beyond the humble pretensions of this little work; and, indeed, it would be difficult to add any thing to the careful and elaborate details given by Colonel Leake. I examined them, however, with interest and attention, and then returned with my companions to the neighbourhood of the temple, where we pitched our tent, probably, as we would fain flatter ourselves, at no great distance from the spot where Solon and Cræsus held their famous colloquy.

As soon as night had fairly set in, and the moon had risen over the citadel, and was shining through the trees upon our picturesque encampment, the jackals commenced their long melancholy howl. Their name seemed to be Legion. Their howl resembles more than any thing else the cry of a child prolonged out of passion or pettishness, and, when heard in darkness and solitude, is singularly ominous and awful. I listened to it for a long time, as it seemed to approach nearer and nearer to our tent, till sleep became impossible; so, taking my pistols, I rose and walked towards the temple.

Every fragment was distinctly visible in the clear moonlight,

“ Which softened down the hoar austerity  
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,  
As 't were anew, the gaps of centuries ;  
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
And making that which was not, till the place  
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
With silent worship of the great of old.”

I sat down on one of the columns to enjoy the singular beauty of the scene, remembering that my home was far distant, and that in all human probability I should never visit Asia again ; and as congenial recollections and “ thick-coming fancies ” stole over my mind, I forgot my companions, the jackals, and myself, and remained lost in a dream of enjoyment till the first dawn of morning aroused me to pursue my journey.





## CONSTANTINOPLE.



## CONSTANTINOPLE.

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EVERY thing human is transient—human impressions and recollections most of all. How many scenes, which we imagined had been stamped into our memory far too profoundly for the utmost powers of time or distance to obliterate or veil, we find, after a few short days, or months, or years, to have faded away like the early dew! And even now, when I sit down to describe my first sight of Constantinople, which I visited so lately, and my deep impression of which I vainly fancied time could never weaken, I find that other scenes—other interests—other objects of admiration, have intervened, and blunted the freshness and vigour of my first enthusiasm; and the utmost I can now express will fall immeasurably short of what I then felt.

The previous evening I had left Broussa, —a city of itself worthy to absorb all our faculties of admiration, and capable of being



eclipsed only by that which is without a rival. We crossed the Sea of Marmora from Moudanieh in a small caique, and passed a sleepless night, lying on our cloaks, and longing for the dawn which was to rise to us among the gilded fanes, and gorgeous palaces, and all the splendour of oriental empire. When day appeared, we found ourselves lying off a small custom-house in Galata, just opposite the rich gardens of the Seraglio. A thick mist which had settled over every thing gradually rose, and beauty after beauty, and wonder after wonder, dawned upon our sight. First appeared Galata, with its quays, and arsenals, and innumerable vessels; then the cluster of palaces, and kiosks, and broad shadowy trees, stretching out towards the Asiatic shore; then Santa Sophia and the Golden Horn, and the dense city with its myriads of mosques: and on the other side, the rapid Bosphorus, lined on either shore with groves, and palaces, and gardens, and studded over, even at this early hour, with hundreds of light caiques, rowing backwards and forwards on their appointed avocations. The whole scene was the most completely oriental I had witnessed, and acted on me

like enchantment. It was just what I had read of in early youth ; and the bright, tall, slender minarets—and the shining cupolas—and the painted houses—and the slim cypresses—and the peculiar dresses of the people, formed the very landscape of the Arabian Tales.

As soon as we had secured lodgings in Pera,\* my first thought was to hire a caique and row up the Bosphorus as far as Therapia, then the residence of our ambassador, to learn the news of England, of which I had heard little for six months. My boatman pulled along pretty rapidly, though the current was strong against us ; and I had full leisure, in a three hours' sail, to contemplate the unrivalled splendour and animation of the scene on either shore : caiques passed each other almost as rapidly as swallows in their summer flight ; gulls, cormorants, and other water-birds, were either skimming slowly over the surface, or sitting quietly on the bosom of the waters, undisturbed even by our nearest approach ; while birds of

\* Pera is the quarter in which the Franks reside. Galata contains the depôts, warehouses, &c. of the merchants.

another species were winging their ceaseless flight up and down, to and fro, with a hurried and almost furious rapidity, which has procured them the appellation of the "*âmes damnées*." On the Asiatic side was the splendid palace of the Sultan, just completed in the most slender and showy style of eastern architecture, and painted of a brilliant yellow, with gates of curiously worked gold. Its site is ominous,—the ground on which it is erected is called the *Valley of the Cross*. On the other shore, but rather lower down, is the place where the sultanas, or the sisters and daughters of the reigning emperor, are confined, and where they pass their time like imprisoned singing-birds, cut off in a great measure from the dearest sympathies of social intercourse, and reduced to beguile the tedious hours of their seclusion by the dance, the story, or the song. I stopped opposite their windows for some time, listening to their gay guitars, till a eunuch, taking me, I suppose, for a second edition of Arion's dolphin, appeared at a lattice, and imperiously motioned me away. I always did as I was bid in Turkey.

After spending the day at Therapia, en-

joying the kind hospitality of Sir Stratford Canning, I got into my boat as soon as the moon rose, and drifted rapidly down the stream. "It was a night much to be remembered." The moonbeams glanced in the deep current—the shores of Europe and Asia were distinctly visible—a few fitful lights glimmered feebly from the villages on either side—and there was no sound to break the impressive silence of an eastern night, except the occasional whirring of a flock of *âmes damnées*, as they rushed past and were out of hearing in a moment. I reached my rooms at Pera about midnight, after stumbling over innumerable dogs, who resented the unintentional affront as their various dispositions prompted.

Early the next morning I went to the slave-market, one of the most painfully interesting scenes in Constantinople. I visited it twice. The first time there were few on sale but negresses; the second time, however, it was crowded to excess with purchasers, proprietors, and numbers of unhappy captives, of every age, colour, and complexion. It was a large court, round which were erected several small rooms, where the slaves



were confined; and immediately in front of these were small and sheltered platforms, where the proprietors and slave-merchants, and a few of their male customers, were seated, smoking with their usual taciturnity. The purchasers, as well as the slaves, were—*horresco referens*—for the most part females,—Turkish women, closely muffled, but very talkative and active. Few of the captives could have been more than twenty or twenty-five years of age, and many did not seem to be twelve. Whatever might have been their feelings, their countenances expressed neither dejection nor despondency.

The first group which attracted my attention was composed of negresses, who were assigned a station apart from the rest,—all young, but very ugly, and boisterously lively. They invited me most pressingly to become a purchaser, which I politely, but peremptorily declined. A Turkish lady, apparently of some rank and wealth, then came forward, and after a few words with the merchant, singled out a girl who seemed rather more robust than the rest, and commenced an examination of her with the same scrutinising minuteness which I have sometimes witnessed

at a horse-dealer's in England. First she carefully inspected her teeth—then fingered her head, as if she had been a phrenologist—then noticed the development of the muscles of the breast and arm—then uncovered her solitary robe somewhat further than decency could warrant—and, finally, after walking round and round her intended purchase, she turned to the owner and began the bargain. It was a very hard one. Of course, though words ran high, I could understand nothing but the gestures of the contracting powers; and from these it was evident that the lady was an adept in the art of *cheapening*; and she proved more than a match for her antagonist, and succeeded in carrying off the negress at the low price of eight hundred piastres, or about ten pounds.

I turned away in disgust from this scene, and walked to another part of the bazaar, where I saw a very interesting little Georgian girl anxiously waiting for a purchaser. She was about fourteen years of age, and had a beautiful figure; and though her features were far from regular, yet there was a rich, deep, glowing tint of health upon her cheek, contrasted with an expression of soft sad

melancholy on her countenance, as she turned her full black eye upon me, that went to my heart ; and I half determined to pay her ransom and set her free. There was a quick glance of the eye, and a grace in all her movements, which spoke of better days, and something of superior birth and breeding. She seemed too soft and delicate for captivity, and was one of the very few who appeared to feel their situation. I inquired her price—it was three thousand piastres ; I could not at the time spare more than a third of that sum ; so I turned from a spectacle of misfortune which I could not relieve, and joined my companions, who were admiring a bevy of beautiful Circassians, who apparently were in the greatest request, and sold for five and six thousand piastres.

How such a number of fresh captives could be supplied, I was unable to discover. Their chief anxiety seemed to be to find a purchaser, which cannot be wondered at ; for, as domestic slaves are generally well treated in Turkey, any change which releases them from the harsh rule of the merchant, must be a change for the better. On the whole, if we except the pain of being torn

from the enjoyments and affections of home, it is probable that slaves in Mahometan countries are scarcely more wretched than those who are called free, but who, in reality, live under almost as severe restraint.



the same arguments and objections of which  
as to the validity of the laws in the  
constitution are hereby stated without their  
being any need of further proof in this  
case, and should be so stated.

## SCUTARI.

Ὅιη καὶ φυλῶν γένη τοιη δὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.—*Iliad.*



## SCUTARI.

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PERHAPS one of the most peculiar and characteristic features of the scenery of Constantinople is furnished by the vast gloomy groves, or rather forests, of cypresses which surround the city in every direction. These dark and melancholy trees, which envelope in perpetual obscurity the small and simple tombstones below them, are of every size and ancientness. The shrub which was planted yesterday over some new tenant of these silent cities of the dead, mingles its short branches with the foliage of the strong lofty tree, which dates from the establishment of Islamism amid the towers and shrines of eastern civilisation. The Mussulman who was laid to rest four centuries ago, and he whose career is but just terminated, lie side by side, distinguished only by the different freshness of the marble which records their name, and some simple verse from the Koran,



with which their friends sought to hallow their narrow spot of sepulture. The Jews, the Armenians, the Greeks, and the Franks, have each their separate cemetery; but the vast grove of Scutari on the Asiatic coast, where the Turks are generally interred, is by far the largest and most impressive.

Here the cypresses, which are planted as closely as their growth will admit, extend many miles. Paths traverse this wide forest in every direction; and when once involved, you find considerable difficulty in extricating yourself from its multitudinous labyrinths: I have wandered for hours together amid its myriads of windings, contemplating with painful interest this wide scene of death and desolation. The graves are crowded closely together, and the population of this immense cemetery far outnumbers that of Constantinople itself. As you walk along, you see some of the most ancient of these simple slabs of marble standing as erect as the day they were first fixed there; others which have mouldered away almost as rapidly as the dust they covered; while many a marble turban, struck off from the tombstone it surmounted, indicates the impotent rage of a

despotic sultan, carrying his resentment beyond the grave, when his passion had survived his power to injure. The description of this impressive scene might be widely extended; but as little could be added to the brilliant and powerful picture drawn by the author of Anastasius, I shall prefer narrating an individual scene, descriptive of Turkish feeling towards the dead.

One rich summer's evening in June—the evenings are always brilliant there—tired with the noise and confusion of Stamboul, I crossed the Bosphorus in one of those beautifully slender caiques, which add so much to the liveliness of the gay scene. Two flights of the birds which the Turks call “*âmes damnées*,” crossed before my boat. These creatures, about the size of snipes, fly up and down the Bosphorus, night and day, summer and winter, with an eye that never closes, and a wing that never tires, without any apparent object, and with a rapidity which, combined with the prevalent idea that they never rest, has caused them to be regarded by the Turks as possessed with the spirits of the damned; and certainly there is something supernatural in their hurried,

ceaseless, objectless flight, which seems strongly confirmatory of the idea. I reached Scutari, and wandered away into the heart of the cypress-groves. The rich glow of an Asiatic evening was just spread over the hitherto deep blue sky ; but its splendour could only penetrate by a faint reflection into these dark and silent abodes of sorrow. As I reached one of the most retired and picturesque scenes of this vast cemetery,—

“ A spot where, in communion sweet,  
The living and the dead might meet,”—

my attention was attracted by a female form kneeling beside a new-made grave. Her figure was one of uncommon elegance ; and as she was turned towards me, and, either from thoughtlessness or sorrow, less scrupulously veiled than is the custom in this country, I could perceive that her features were soft and interesting, and perhaps the more so from a deep expression of calm and settled melancholy which I have frequently noticed in the Eastern women. I like to observe every thing in silence ; so I glided behind an aged cypress, and watched the motions of the lady unperceived. She had planted a few



simple flowers between the two upright slabs which indicated the limits of the grave, and was sedulously sprinkling them with a little vase of water which stood beside her. There was a resignation in her countenance, and a quietness in her manner, as she performed this melancholy duty of affection to her departed friend, that deeply interested me. It seemed as if the harshness of sorrow had passed away, and given place to tender and soothing recollections. When her pious labour was completed, she bowed for a few moments over the tomb, as if in prayer; then rose up and walked slowly away, and was soon lost among the gloomy avenues.

The following evening she was again there, employed in the same affecting occupation. My interest was now fully awakened. I inquired into her history. It was a very simple one; perhaps too much so to be worth presenting to the reader.

She was the only remaining daughter of an old man in humble but respectable circumstances, who lived in a small village a few miles from Scutari. The grave which she so assiduously watered was that of her sister, who, a few weeks previously, had



fallen a victim to the plague. The blow was overwhelming to the unfortunate survivor. They had been brought up together from their earliest infancy; they had been companions and friends in the season of youthful gaiety and loveliness; when they married, their sympathies were heightened and extended; together they had borne the pains and learned the pleasures of maternity; together they had soothed the declining years and increasing infirmities of their aged parent; and together they had hoped to die. But this last happiness was not allotted them; one was called away in the spring-time of beauty and enjoyment, and the other was left to cherish her memory, and supply her loss.

END OF THE SKETCHES.

THE  
PRESENT CONDITION  
AND  
FUTURE PROSPECTS  
OF  
THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

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## THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

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THE important struggle which is now going forward in the East, and which, at least in its *remote* consequences, will probably involve the fate of the whole Turkish empire, has excited a considerable degree of attention to that quarter, and rendered acceptable any, even imperfect, information with regard to the respective condition of the two belligerent powers, and the probable issue of the contest.

To England as a commercial country, the knowledge of what Turkey now *is*, and the prospect of what, under a better government, it may *become*, cannot be matters of indifference; and may plead my excuse for the insertion of a chapter treating of somewhat weightier matters than the general character of the work would justify. We are anxiously looking for extended markets for our manufactured produce; and, with the exception perhaps of India, there are few countries capable of absorbing a larger portion of our exports, and of supplying us with richer returns,



than Turkey and the Levant *would* be, under the more favourable circumstances in which we may reasonably hope to see them placed, when the Ottoman dominion shall have ceased to wither and depress their energies. Even now, our exports to these countries are by no means trifling. In 1831, they amounted, in cotton yarn alone, to upwards of 2,000,000 lbs.; in plain and printed calicoes, to 18,600,000 lbs.; in cambrics and muslins, to 3,600,000 lbs.; and in other descriptions of cotton goods, to 700,000 lbs.\* The returns of native produce which have reached Europe have hitherto been inconsiderable, consisting of figs and raisins from Smyrna, a small quantity of silk imported into France, about 500,000 lbs. of cotton, (the amount we received in 1828), wool, hides, buffalo-skins, and other insignificant articles. Some years ago, Constantinople alone exported to Marseilles, wool to the annual value of 84,000*l.*,† together with 600 bales of cotton, 6000 buffalo-skins, and 0300 hides of oxen. The tobacco grown in Macedonia employs one eighth of the whole land in cultivation,‡ and amounts to 100,000 bales a-year, value 7,000,000 of piastres;§ and Salonica alone

\* Burn's Commercial Glance.

† Malte Brun, Géogr. Univ. tom. i. p. 149. ‡ Ib. p. 156.

§ The piastre may be reckoned at this time 4*s.*; now, it is only worth 3*d.*; 7,000,000 piastres would therefore be about 1,400,000*l.*

sends large quantities of cotton, tobacco, carpets, and leather, to the Austrian dominions, and other parts of Germany.

But all these exports are capable of being illimitably increased, under the fostering influence of an equitable government, and a vivacious commerce. The cotton, which is clean, pretty strong, and of a good colour, might be so far improved by careful culture, as to form a large article of export both to France and England, from the ports either of the Archipelago or the Adriatic, instead of being sent, as it now is, to Hungary and Vienna, by a tedious and expensive land carriage. The Asiatic provinces abound in mulberry-trees; and the small quantity of silk which is now produced in the vast tract of country between Ephesus and Broussa, might be augmented to meet almost any demand. Macedonia, Roumelia, and Thessaly, abound in wool, which, I understand, is sometimes as fine as that of Spain;\* and Bosnia is rich in numberless herds of oxen, and vast forests of oak, yew, and maple, which even attracted the cupidity, and prompted the enterprise of Napoleon.† It is impossible to place limits to the future development of these immense resources. I mention these facts to shew, that however we may augment our exports to Turkey, we shall be at no loss for valuable articles of exchange.

\* Malte Brun, tom. i. p. 161.

† Id. p. 209.

I. On the history, government, and religion of the Turks, it might be interesting to dwell, as assisting us to understand our subject; but to do any thing like justice to so extensive an inquiry, would require a far longer dissertation than I have here the intention of inflicting on my readers. Tavernier, Tournefort, De Tott, D'Ohsson, and Von Hammer, the celebrated German orientalist,\* are the most accurate and trusty writers on Turkey; and Eton, Walsh, and Thornton,† may also be consulted with advantage. In the few following pages I now venture to lay before my readers, I have drawn little except from my own personal observation, as my object is rather to supply a portion of what other writers may have left untold, than to offer a complete view of the subject, which, in the limits I have proposed to myself, and promised to my readers, would be impossible.

1. The Turkish empire is of immense extent, and is weak in proportion to its vastness. Exclusive of Egypt, it contains about 663,000 square miles, of which the European provinces constitute *one third*.‡ The population of this vast territory

\* Tavernier, Voyages, &c.; Tournefort, Voyages dans le Levant; Mémoires de Baron de Tott; D'Ohsson, Tableau général de l'Empire Ottoman; Von Hammer, Geschichte des Osmanischen Reiches.

† Eton's Survey of the Turkish Empire; Walsh's Journey from Constantinople; Thornton's Present State of Turkey.

‡ Malte Brun, tom. vi. p. 275; Suppl. to Encycl. Britan.

is calculated by Malte Brun\* at 22,000,000, of which about 10,000,000 belong to Europe, including emancipated Greece. All statements respecting the population of a country where no census is taken, and no register is kept, must be received with extreme distrust, and can at best present only a remote approximation to the truth. From my own observation, fortified by the opinions of several able writers, I am inclined to think that Malte Brun's estimate is nearly one third too high; and that the actual population of European Turkey cannot exceed 8,000,000 or forty-three to a square mile.†

2. Next to the unwieldy extent of territory, the scarcity of the population may be cited as one great cause of the weakness of the empire. There are, at present, not one half the inhabitants required for the cultivation of the soil. In many districts, some of which are naturally extremely fertile, there is scarcely a trace of human habitation. In a ride of sixty miles, between Ephesus and Smyrna (for the most part a rich and inviting tract of country), I only encountered one miserable village, in which the storks were far more numerous than the human inhabitants. From Constantinople to Adrianople, a distance of

\* Malte Brun, tom. vi. p. 276, (Mod. Trav.)

† Rees' Encycl.; Art. Turkey.



one hundred and seventy miles, three or four straggling villages are all you meet with; and though the ground is almost every where covered with a rich soft mould, yet not a tree, nor a shrub, nor a turnip, nor a blade of wheat, is to be seen during the whole journey;\* a wild rank grass is the only vegetable production on which the eye can rest, as it glances over the unvaried, interminable waste. In three days, from dawn till dark, I rode over this dreary, desolate wilderness, under a burning sun, without even the prospect of a cypress-tree to fly to for shade; and like Hassan, the camel-driver, my heart almost sunk within me at the cheerless scene.

3. It is a fact highly worthy of remark, how very small a portion the *Osmanlis* form of the population of European Turkey. Malte Brun,† who gives the most favourable estimate, only states them at *one-third*; while others, I think more correctly, calculate them at *one-fourth*. Even in the capital, which contains 600,000, only

\* Compare Eton's description, p. 263.

† Malte Brun, tom. vi. p. 276.

Osmanlis .....	2,889,000
Greek Christians .....	5,880,000
Catholics .....	310,000
Armenians .....	85,000
Jews .....	312,000
	<hr/>
	9,476,000

400,000\* are Mussulmen; the remainder are Greeks, Jews, Armenians, and Franks. Reckoning the Turks, therefore, at *one-fourth* of the whole population, the other *three-fourths* are conquered tribes, mindful of their ancient freedom, indisposed to the iron and capricious rule of their oppressors, and as superior to them in activity and intelligence as in numerical amount; and where there are *three* clever and impatient slaves to *one* indolent tyrant, the government is indeed in a precarious condition. Add to this, that the population of all the towns,† and indeed of the empire generally, seems to be rapidly diminishing. Towns and villages without number have been utterly deserted, and have left nothing but their cemeteries to mark their situation. Often, both in Asia Minor and Roumelia, I have passed extensive grave-yards, where the hamlets which once peopled them have been altogether swept away. If we may credit Eton's statement,‡ the progress of depopulation has been proceeding at a rate that is quite inconceivable; but Eton wrote with an *object*, and his work is a laborious vilification of the government and the people.

4. The government of Turkey is carried on

\* Malte Brun, tom. vi. p. 148; Turner's Tour in the Levant, vol. i. p. 91.

† Smyrna and Constantinople excepted.

‡ Eton, chap. vii.

upon a system, if system it can be called, peculiarly calculated to foster its weakness, and generate its own decay. The greater the extent of any empire, the more imperious is the necessity for a strong central government, which can keep a vigorous and incessant control over every branch of the remoter administrations. The Turkish empire, on the contrary, is parcelled out into a number of distinct provinces, independent of each other, and *almost* so of the Porte, which certainly appoints the pacha, or rather allows him to buy his office;\* but, provided the tribute is regularly transmitted, takes no cognizance whatever of the character of his administration. The different pachalics, in a word, are farmed out to the highest bidder, as a sort of estate, which he is to make profitable “by any means,” as Lord Suffolk would say, “which God and nature may have put into his hands.”† “Thus to rob those below him, that he may bribe those above him, is the constant aim and sole object of each petty tyrant, through all the gradations of this baleful despotism.”‡ It was this utterly abominable system which mainly contributed to the downfall of the Roman power; and

\* The Pachalic of Cairo formerly sold for 75,000*l.*—Eton, p. 48; Foreign Quart. Rev. vol. ii. p. 260.

† Lord S.’s speech on the employment of Indians in the American War.

‡ Modern Traveller, p. 94.

it is this which is fast crumbling to pieces the vast empire of the East.

5. Another ominous feature of the Turkish system, which must strike every observer as pregnant with the most fatal consequences, is the total absence of all stationary and hereditary rank,—a characteristic incident in a greater or less degree to every pure and unmingled despotism. There exists in Turkey no permanent or transmissible nobility, no class of gentry whose property is sufficiently extensive, or sufficiently *their own*, to raise them to the influence or the dignity of an order. The *aga*, or Turkish country gentleman, is now almost extinct. Lord Byron speaks of them with high praise.\* I only met with two among all my Turkish acquaintance, and these were in the remoter parts of the empire. Now that the Janisaries are destroyed, there is (if we except the *ulemas* or priests, who flourish every where) no established *order* of men in Turkey. There is no rank beyond that which attaches to offices conferred by the sultan, and *held* during his pleasure. There is no body of men who can stand in the more critical and terrible emergencies between the people and the monarch, to control the tyranny of the one, and the fury of the other; and whose actual in-

\* Notes to Childe Harold, canto ii.



terest in the welfare and independence of their nation is such as to awaken them to a stirring sense of the evils which threaten its existence.

6. All the institutions of the Ottomans, whether of religion, society, or government, seem to be formed upon a *system* of non-improvement. Like those of China, they have undergone no alteration or amendment since their first establishment. The character of unchangeable permanence is the greatest curse which can be coupled with human institutions. If they are not progressive, they are pernicious. This has been strikingly exemplified in the case of the Turks. A few centuries ago, their institutions made them one of the most prosperous and powerful states of Europe; and had they advanced as others have advanced, they might still have been formidable; but they have remained at anchor, and the rest of the world has drifted past them.

7. After mature and unbiased consideration, the conclusion appears unavoidable, that, notwithstanding the best efforts of enlightened sultans,\* no material amendment can be reasonably looked for, either in the internal institutions, or the political condition of Turkey. The character of the people, though presenting something to admire,

\* Achmed III., Selim III., Mahmoud.

and much to love,\* contains within itself a host of elements which are, in their nature, hostile to all improvement, and promise to neutralise and defeat all projects which the most liberal and enlarged philanthropy can endeavour for the amelioration of the country.

*a.* For, in the first place, improvement implies and demands activity and strenuous exertion; and the Turks are as indolent as savages. Laziness seems to be equally a characteristic of their physical and moral constitution. Though, for the most part, strong, well made, and able-bodied, they are averse to all exercise; they are easily disgusted with the fatigues and hardships of war, though capable of braving its greatest dangers; the boatmen who row you about the Bosphorus in their light caiques, become petulant and peevish if you urge them beyond their usual monotonous speed; and there is no occupation so grateful to all classes as squatting on a soft ottoman from sunrise to sunset, sipping their coffee slowly and at leisure, and inhaling the fumes of the serpentine hooka, or the long chibouque. They saunter through the streets, whether on the way to their business, their dinner, their harem, their barber, or their bath, with the same measured

\* The devotion, the charity, the politeness, the dignity, and the integrity of the Turks, must command both our admiration and attachment.

monotony of tread, like men who know that they have time enough for every purpose in life.

Their mind seems to enjoy almost as complete a sinecure as their body. *Thinking* generally terminates either in action or in conversation; and, as the Turks seldom act, and still more seldom speak,\* it is no want of charity to conclude that they rarely undergo the fatigue of thought. As, therefore, they neither read, speak, think, nor act, it is difficult to conceive what functions they *do* perform. “Sir,” said a gentleman to me, as we walked through the streets of Adrianople, and remarked upon the utter listlessness and inactivity of every one we met,—“a Turk, sir, is little better than an oyster!”

A Turk, however needy, will not even take the trouble to cheat or extortionise a stranger. If, in remunerating the services of a Greek, or an Italian, you give them less than they *expect*, even though it be double what is *due*, they raise such

\* Occasionally, however, though very rarely, I have met with such a prodigy as a merry and conversable Turk. At Yanina, the capital of Albania, I was acquainted with Soleiman Bey, a rich landholder, and nephew of the celebrated Ali Pacha, who was far from being either as grave or as taciturn as myself. One day, just after I had recovered from a fever, I was reclining on his ottoman, smoking in silence, and, I suppose, looking rather gloomy; whereupon he rallied me with considerable spirit, telling me I was “*silenzioso e pensoso come una donna vedova.*”

an outcry, and assail you with such importunate remonstrances, that, unless you are more than usually obdurate, you are wearied into compliance with their demands. Under similar circumstances, a Turk will mutter between his teeth that it is "too little," but never presses you for more. At a small town in Asia Minor, I once gave a coffee-house keeper five piastres when I ought only to have offered as many paraahs. His remark was, as he pouched the money, "*E poco—ma—vi ringrazio.*"

The same inherent indolence induces the Turks to confine themselves entirely to the cultivation of the land, leaving the whole commerce of the empire in the hands of foreigners and infidels. The shopkeepers are Jews and Armenians, and the merchants Greeks and Europeans. The consequence of this is, that the Turks are for the most part miserably poor; and their chief means of livelihood is the obtainment of some petty office under government. At Smyrna, where Greeks, Franks, and Armenians, are almost all wealthy, there are not *five* Turks who can live upon their income, though provisions are cheap, and their wants are extremely limited. Hence the constant grasping we perceive throughout Turkey after the meanest official situation.

b. Improvement implies at least some degree of knowledge, and the Turks are grossly ignorant. The best educated among them seldom advance



beyond the meanest rudiments of learning ; and an acquaintance with Arabic and Persian, which is not uncommon, is applied solely to the perusal of religious works, and vast and voluminous commentaries, which there, as elsewhere, are too often the offscourings of human intellect. The chief officers of government are in general pre-eminently ignorant ; and, being frequently raised from the meanest situations by the capricious favouritism of the sultan, or his ministers, cannot be expected to be otherwise. “ The Vizier Yousuff, who commanded, in 1790, against the Emperor of Russia, was raised by the celebrated Gazi Hassan, the capitan pacha, or grand admiral, from a state of the meanest indigence. He sold soap in the streets, carrying it in a basket on his head, before he became the servant of Hassan, who, after employing him in that menial capacity, made him successively clerk in the treasury of the arsenal, his own agent at the Porte, Pacha of the Morea, and lastly, grand vizier.”\* All who accept any post or government from the sultan (and what he offers none dare refuse) thereby place their lives and properties at his disposal ; he is the heir to all their effects, and can at any time demand their heads as a matter of right. In such a state of things, it is not wonderful that the offices of

\* Eton, p. 23.

government should be in the hands of ignorant desperadoes, or of men who hope to escape notice by a servile adherence to established routine, and from whom, therefore, no improvement can be looked for.\* The two most learned Turks I met with could scarcely have mustered between them the knowledge of an English infant. The one was a Georgian slave, whom I knew in Albania, as fine a specimen of manly beauty as I ever beheld, who, having turned renegado, had risen by his talents and bravery to the rank of general. He seemed to have some glimmering notion of the art of war, and of a few modern inventions; and, though ignorant of Congreve rockets, he inquired particularly after a certain horrid warlike instrument, which he said he remembered to have once heard of, which killed seventy men a minute, and which, on description, we discovered to be Mr. Perkins's steam-gun.† The other individual to whom I have referred was the governor of Cyzicum, a peninsula on the north coast of Asia Minor, who, hearing of the arrival of almost the only foreigners who had been seen in the course of the century, sent for us to ask our opinion respecting the motion of the earth, and other matters of high philosophy, or, I should rather say, to display

\* Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. ii. p. 255.

† In answer to his inquiries, we informed him that its first and only exploit was killing a lady in a gig; whereupon he looked upwards, and exclaimed, "Allah kerim!"

his own acquirements. He had some very extraordinary geographical conceptions, and told us how England was some thousand miles from any other country, and how beyond it there was no more land. He even ventured on the abstruse subject of psychology, and, like Voltaire's Zadig, "Il savait de la métaphysique ce qu'on en a sçu dans tous les âges, c'est à dire—fort peu de chose."\* Nevertheless, our Greek interpreter, who had had a bewildering part to play in this learned disquisition, came away quite dazzled with the profound acquirements of our new acquaintance, and said, as we left the room, "*O signore, quanto è savio quest'uomo!*"

c. Again, improvement implies learning from other nations, and the Turks are too proud for this. Their religion, their traditions, their habits, combine to make them look with contempt on all foreigners and infidels, whom they regard as an inferior race. They have resisted with the utmost pertinacity every introduction of European customs, and cannot bear to go to school to those whom they despise and hate.

d. Lastly, improvement implies ambition, and a certain aspiration after higher things; and of neither of these qualifications do the Turks possess a grain. Resignation to their lot, be it what it may, is with

\* Romans de Voltaire: tom. i. Zadig, histoire orientale.



them one of the most regarded duties of religion; and this sentiment is further strengthened by the natural indolence of their character, and by the instances, which in Turkey are of daily occurrence, of the most startling vicissitudes of circumstance and fortune, calculated in a peculiar degree to impress the mind with a desponding sense of the awful instability of earthly possessions, and the tremendous uncertainty of human greatness. They see the beggar and the scavenger suddenly exalted to a giddy elevation; while the most powerful and meritorious servants of the crown are often deprived in a single day of all their affluence and authority, and sent to mingle with the lowest menials of the state; or sentenced to death, without appeal, and often without offence. Whatever befalls, they regard as the will of Providence, against which it would be impious to murmur or to strive; and under this impression, they bear their misfortunes with an apathetic fortitude, which, were it less baneful, might be deemed magnanimous. Eton\* mentions some affecting instances of this extraordinary resignation.

No Turk seems to consider himself as either too high or too low for any office in the state; and after enjoying the highest, can descend with equanimity, and even dignity, to the lowest. The

\* Page 115.



Duke of Wellington would think it very odd to be reduced to the rank and the *ration* of a private soldier; and I imagine the Bishop of London, or the Archbishop of York, could scarcely, by any eloquence, be prevailed upon to accept a country curacy: but instances have been known in Turkey, where the vizier who has led the armies of the faithful has been reduced, like Epaminondas, to the office of scavenger or pipe-maker; and almost without wondering or repining at the change. When I was at Pergamus, a town of some size on the west coast of Asia Minor, our party encamped as usual under some spreading fig-trees; and after the due civilities had passed between us and the authorities of the place, we prepared to turn into our hammocks for the night, when we received a visit from the head of the police, who informed us, that he had orders from the governor to remain with us through the first watch of the night. We thanked him and the governor for their kindness; and on entering into conversation with him, we discovered, to our surprise, that, a few years previous, he had been pacha of a neighbouring province, when, having, through the machinations of more powerful enemies, fallen from his high estate, he had dwindled away, without murmur or resistance, into a mere satellite of the governor of a third or a fourth-rate town, and guardian of the slumbers of two European travellers.

II. The vast defects of the Turkish institutions, and the immeasurable distance they have lagged behind the rest of Europe, have not been perceived merely by foreigners. Many of the more enlightened sultans have been aware of them, and have endeavoured to introduce European improvements, and to enlist in their service the talents of able European officers.\* But these efforts have hitherto been feeble, clumsy, and transient; till the present sultan has renewed them with greater energy and apparent success.

1. Much has been said of the character and the innovations of Mahmoud; but I think neither the one nor the other has been correctly appreciated. Mahmoud is persevering, vigorous, and decided, as his suppression of the Janissaries amply testifies. But he is rapacious, severe, and sanguinary, and the terror of all his wealthy and powerful subjects. He contrives, like all the Ottoman emperors, to squeeze out every farthing of superfluous wealth from all public officers, though for this purpose he adopts a rather different plan from his predecessors. When a pacha returns from his government, or a general from a successful war, instead of decapitating them, and then confiscating their property, he orders them to build some public edifice, such as a mosque,

\* Foreign Quart. Rev. II. 263.

an arsenal, or a cannon-foundery, by which the capital is embellished and enriched, and the luckless officer impoverished. When this is done, he sends him forth on some other predatory expedition, and again compels him to disgorge his spoil on his return.

2. Mahmoud is both feared and hated throughout his whole empire: feared for his ferocity, and hated for his innovations. He bow-strings the pachas with wonderful intrepidity; debases the coin to one-sixteenth of its former value; offends the dearest prejudices of the people by abolishing the national costume, which was regarded with a sort of superstitious veneration, and by selling, by public auction, the wives of his two predecessors; and lastly, notwithstanding the Mahometan prohibition of wine, he drinks champagne with almost Christian avidity. In all matters of policy he is fatally obstinate, and will never seek his safety or consult his dignity by timely concession, but requires every thing to be *forced* upon him, or, like the Tartar mentioned by De Tott, “*insists* upon being beaten.” If the final struggle for existence should come upon Turkey during the reign of the present sultan, we must not expect an *unbought* victory. Mahmoud will die game.

3. It is to be remarked that the much-celebrated innovations of the sultan *are all military*. He has suppressed the Janissaries; he has intro-



duced into the army the European dress and European tactics; and their discipline and manœuvring are by no means despicable. But they feel ridiculous and degraded in their new costume, and sigh after the lost and venerated turban; and it is probable, that what the sultan has gained by the improved discipline and regular training of his troops, he has more than lost in the diminution of their national spirit, fostered as it was by the prejudices and the fanaticism which he has so deeply wounded. He has established a weekly newspaper, (edited by Mr. Black, a Frenchman), which, under the name of the *Moniteur Ottoman*, appears every Saturday, in Turkish, Armenian, Romainic, and French: and when I was at Constantinople, reported the successes of the sultan over the Bosnian insurgents; duly set forth the folly and impiety of the pacha of Egypt in venturing to rebel against his lawful superior; drew a pompous parallel between the innovations of Mahmoud and those of Mahomet Ali; and gave a tolerably accurate report of the progress of the Reform-bill in England, and the temporary secession of Lord Grey.

4. In addition to all this, cannon-founderies, bomb-founderies, and magnificent arsenals, adorn the quays of Galata and the shores of the Bosphorus, and impose upon the mind till their condition and management are inquired into. One



radical defect pervades and poisons the whole system of Ottoman improvements. The sultan invites European officers to assist him in his schemes, and pays them liberally; but his jealousy will *not allow them to hold any but subordinate situations*, where the scope for their talents is confined, and where the Turkish superior has no knowledge whatever of the department he is appointed to superintend, and shews his importance by thwarting their plans, paralysing their exertions, and rendering them as nearly useless as possible. The sultan has got a splendid fleet, to supply the place of that so "*untowardly*" lost at Navarino; it was lying in the Dardanelles when I was there, and there were many European officers on board, but the rank of lieutenant is the highest they can aspire to, and the captains have most of them been favourites of the sultan or the admiral—his pipe-fillers, or coffee-bearers, who have perhaps never been on board a ship in their lives before, and scarcely know the rudder from the bowsprit. The sailors are as ignorant of the art of navigation as their commanders: they are almost all pressed into the service, as I had various opportunities of learning; for, when I was at Edin-geck, a village near the Sea of Marmora, an order came for 150 men to be seized and sent off to Abydos to man the fleet, which was then preparing to sail. And at Cyzicum, the merchants told me

they had been waiting for weeks, not daring to send their ships to Constantinople with the usual supply of corn and olives, lest their sailors should be seized for the service of the fleet. With these facts before me, I could easily believe that the sultan's European officers were likely to prove correct in their prophecy, that if they encountered the Egyptian fleet they would probably be utterly destroyed. The admiral's vessel, of 140 guns, I suppose one of the most magnificent existing, has on board 1500 sailors, obtained in the manner I have described, five captains, and fifteen pilots; and if with this complement it does not go to the bottom before it reaches the Island of Rhodes, its preservation will be little less than miraculous.

III. From the earliest times in which the history of the Ottomans becomes mingled with that of Europe, they have owed their success and prosperity chiefly to their wild, undoubting, unbending fanaticism; to that conviction which a government approaching in principle to a theocracy must always engender, that they were a chosen people, in whose favour miracles would be worked, and whose success was as certain as their superiority was incontestable. They owed their early conquests, and their subsequent establishment in Europe, to a proud belief of the comparative insignificance of the infidel nations which surrounded them; and to an untameable spirit of

superstitious enthusiasm, founded on the faith that the crescent was predestined to triumph over the cross. This conviction that they are God's peculiar race, selected by him for universal dominion—this assurance of their unapproachable superiority—are fast vanishing away, and with them the haughty and enterprising spirit of the people. Late political events have done much to open their eyes, and to lower the lofty tone of their fanaticism. The innovations of Mahmoud have done yet more: the introduction of a system of tactics which they have always been taught and accustomed to despise; the compelled abolition of a dress closely blended and intertwined for centuries with the prejudices of their national religion; the permitted, and even encouraged, infringement of many of the ordinances of their sacred law; and the recent occasions on which their pride has been compelled to stoop before the ascendancy of foreign powers, have, in their combined influence, completely broken the spirit of this haughty and domineering people. This change is perceptible in almost every circumstance of life. Formerly, if a Greek and a Turk quarrelled, the latter was always in the right, and might trample on his antagonist at pleasure. Now, in the less remote provinces at least, the Greek can retort upon his former oppressor tenfold insult and abuse, and the Turk has no resource but to slink away in silence. And if a Frank



complains of a Turk to the proper authorities, the offender is certain to be more than adequately punished. While travelling in Attica, which is still in possession of the Turks, we had a furious quarrel with our guides, who behaved infamously; and a rash gesture of mine nearly obliged us to have recourse to the doubtful arbitrement of arms. On our return to Athens the following day, full of wrath, we resolved to lodge a complaint with the Turkish governor, intending to compliment our men with the bastinado; but we were informed, that any offence against Europeans was so severely visited, that they would probably be put to death; and as our vengeance was not prepared to go this length, we dropped the affair. Eton\* states, that in his time, if a Christian struck a Mahometan, he was most commonly put to death on the spot; or, if he escaped this summary justice, was severely bastinadoed, and heavily fined. Now, on the contrary, the Mussulman will seldom either resist, or return a blow if deserved, and will express rather astonishment than indignation. I had once occasion to suffocate an obstreperous Turk myself; he seemed perfectly bewildered with surprise, but gave no further trouble, and was very submissive the rest of the journey. And on another occasion, I saw a foreigner kick a Mahometan in the very

\* Eton's Survey, &c. p. 99.



middle of the pipe-market at Constantinople ; and though he grumbled a good deal at being assaulted by an infidel, and the bystanders looked extremely amazed, yet no attempt was made to resent the affront.

A few years ago, no Christian could enter the mosque of St. Sophia, even in the Turkish costume, without running the greatest risk, if his disguise was discovered. Sometimes he was even torn to pieces on the spot. Von Hammer the celebrated orientalist, and the Russian minister, having ventured in about ten years since, were discovered, driven out with ignominy, and severely stoned. Now, though the prohibition is equally severe, and the religious prejudices which dictated it perhaps equally strong, yet so greatly is the fanaticism of the people diminished, that my friend and I entered the mosque in our European dress ; and though we were rather roughly turned out, and a considerable crowd had collected round the door, yet we escaped with a very small portion of the chastisement which we had made up our minds to submit to, for the sake of seeing so celebrated an edifice.

On the whole, it appears evident that the Ottoman empire is fast approaching the term of its existence ; and the tardy and feeble efforts which have of late been made, are utterly inadequate to renovate a state of such advanced decre-

pitude. The signs of the times are fearfully portentous, and the sultan seems to read their meaning. His splendid new palace is built on the Asiatic shore; and, by a curious coincidence, the spot on which it is erected is called "The Valley of the Cross." The empire is fast falling to pieces in every direction. Greece, one of its fairest portions, is already swept away — Bosnia gets up an almost annual rebellion, which every year becomes more difficult to quell — Albania has long been watching an opportunity to assure its independence — and now the Pacha of Egypt has openly thrown off his allegiance, and Syria is already in his hands. I cannot for a moment doubt that his final success will be the signal for the total dismemberment of the Ottoman dominions; an event which it will be impossible to regret. A wiser and more auspicious government will, it may be hoped, succeed. That vast extent of favoured and fertile territory, which has so long been withered up under the blight of despotism, when relieved from the nightmare of oppression, will rapidly develop its rich and manifold resources; population will spring forward in the race of increase with an elasticity unknown for ages; the wealth and happiness of Europe and the Levant will be augmented by a vast and varied commerce, of which no human eye can see the extent or termination; and smiling provinces,

and a happy people, will succeed to that “barbarous anarchic despotism,” (to quote the language of a master-spirit\*) “beneath which the finest countries in the most genial climates in the world, are wasted by *peace* more than any others have been wasted by *war*—where arts are unknown—where manufactures languish—where science is extinguished—where agriculture decays—where the human race itself seems to melt away, and perish under the eye of the observer.”

\* Burke’s “Reflections,” &c.

THE END.

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